

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE,

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Memoir of the Operations of the Allied Armies, under Prince Schwarzenberg and Marshal Blücher, during the latter end of 1813 and the year 1814.* By the Author of "The Early Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington," &c. 8vo. pp. 341. London 1822. J. Murray.

So long ago as the 19th of February 1820, in No. 161 of the *Literary Gazette*, we paid the cordial tribute of our admiration to the Memoir alluded to in the above title-page; and stated that the work was every way an honour to the distinguished Nobleman to whose pen it was ascribed. If that publication did credit to the name of Lord Burghersh, the present will raise it into still higher esteem; for we have met with no modern author whose impartial testimony and clear unaffected style, stamp with a superior value the difficult character of a Military Annalist, upon whom history may boldly rely.

The importance of the work now before us, tends to augment the satisfaction with which we contemplate the excellent qualities brought by the writer to his task. Buonaparte or his partisans are about to give to the world the opposite version of these memorable campaigns; and it is most gratifying to have the unquestionable narrative of the same events from such an individual as Lord Burghersh, upon which to reject or confirm any other statements that may be made. It would be unjust a priori to doubt the correctness of the French accounts; but even without adverting to the potential causes for self-deception, if not for wilful misrepresentation on that side of the question, it must surely be a matter of congratulation to the lovers of truth, that a test has been furnished by which an accurate judgment and more perfect knowledge of facts may be acquired. It is upon these grounds that we venture to pronounce the present volume to be one of the most interesting that has issued from the press, as a historical record of the greatest affairs that ever affected the destinies of mankind. To us it seems to want nothing. The author enjoyed ample means of obtaining the best information, and he has here unlocked his stores in a way so obviously candid, fair, and intelligent, as to carry the conviction of his veracity into every breast.

Having said thus much of the general merits of this Memoir, of its great weight as an authority, and consequently of its extreme importance, we shall, in a careful analysis of its contents, though without going into the detail of well-remembered and never to be forgotten battles, lay before our readers a connected view of those mighty revolutions by which the face of Europe was changed, interspersed with anecdotes at once curious, striking, and original.

After his Russian disasters in 1812, Buonaparte still possessed resources nearly as stupendous as his ambition. In the spring of

the ensuing year, he took the field in Germany at the head of 160,000 men; and by the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen compelled his opponents to retire into Silesia, at the same time concluding an armistice greatly to his own advantage. The momentous part now taken by Austria, disentangled from her French engagements, and becoming the mediatrix of the Continent, produced remarkable results. The policy of Buonaparte previous to and at the negotiations at Prague was distinctly to keep the Austrians separated from the Allied Powers, by assurances that so soon as he had arranged with the latter he would be ready to settle every thing with his father-in-law on amicable terms.

"He saw, however, (says Lord B.) the extermination of these hopes with calmness, and refusing the negotiation as it was offered, brought upon himself, with the expiration of the armistice, the declaration of war of Austria, and thus, the combined hostility of almost the whole of Europe."

The war re-commenced, the Allies having about 550,000 men in arms, against the victorious Commander of the French forces, amounting to 357,107 men, an inferiority in numbers which could not be compensated even by the talents of their leader, and the singleness of his councils and designs. Blücher's victory in the battle of the Katzbach was followed by the destruction of Vandamme's corps at Culm; and other reverses, in rapid succession, cost Buonaparte (while Dresden was his centre of operation) from 130,000 to 160,000 men. Thus reduced, in October he resolved to concentrate his army at Leipsig; and the Allies began a series of movements, the object of which was to inclose their enemy in this position. The defection of the Bavarians increased the danger to Napoleon; and the various corps of Austrians, Russians, Prussians, pressed forward from separate points to hem him in the toils. Only Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, appears from the Memoir to have been somewhat slack in this eager advance. Hints which we have often heard thrown out against this personage, are distinctly embodied by our author. He tells us, that when General Yorck, in a most obstinate contest at the village of Mökers, (which was five times taken and retaken at the point of the bayonet), defeated Marmont, and drove him to the suburbs of Leipsig—

"If any part of the army of the Prince Royal had been present in this battle; if even the cavalry he was expected to lead to Delitzsch and Eilenburg, in case Marshal Blücher should be engaged, had arrived there, the French corps employed in this action must have been destroyed. The Prince did not, however, break up from Sylbitz till the morning of the 17th, arriving in the course of that day at Breitenfeld."

Perhaps the insinuation here thrown out might not warrant our opinion; but if any doubt remained, subsequent passages would remove it. Lord B. says,

"The conduct of the Prince Royal of Sweden had latterly been marked by a system of so much caution, that it was only towards the conclusion of this great battle he was enabled to co-operate with effect in its successful termination; the Swedish troops throughout the campaign had rarely been brought into action, and in the capture of Leipsig, they were but very partially engaged."

And afterwards, when Holland threw off the galling yoke of France,

"The news of these events, while it was received with exultation at Frankfort, was the cause of some complaint against one of the members of the coalition, The Crown Prince of Sweden, by whose efforts the alliance had originally been so much benefited, was now represented as pursuing only Swedish objects in Holstein, thereby preventing the immediate advance of the Allies into the Netherlands, and thus rendering them unable to take advantage of the great event which had occurred in Holland. It was strongly desired, by many persons belonging to the headquarters of Frankfort, that the Russian, Prussian, and Hanoverian corps should be taken from his army: these counsels, however, were not listened to; but, in the anxiety to procure effective support to the Dutch, the King of Prussia wrote to the Prince Royal from Frankfort, on the 17th of December, congratulating him on the success he had obtained against the Danes, whom he had forced to agree to an armistice, and notifying to him, that, with the hope he would soon give a favourable account of Davoust, he had placed under his orders the corps of General Publitz and Colonel Marwitz. In the mean time, and until his Royal Highness should be able to march himself to the Netherlands, it was of the greatest importance that some reinforcements should be sent to Holland; the King, therefore, proposed that he should order General Winzingerode to move upon the Rhine in the neighbourhood of Dusseldorf, relieving with a part of his troops the brigade of General Borstel, which should proceed to join General Bulow: his Majesty recommended also that the Saxon troops should be directed to move upon Arnheim. The Emperor of Russia, from Carlsruhe, on the 21st, wrote to the same effect, communicating at once to the Duke of Weimar his wish that the Saxon corps under the orders of General Thielemann should commence the movement that was desired."

These quotations are decisive as to the political course pursued by the Prince of Sweden, who perhaps felt some compassion for his old companion and master, and at least determined to consult his own interests in whatever share he contributed towards his fall. It may be well to contrast with this lukewarmness the sentiments expressed, and the conduct adopted by the Emperor Alexander, and the more so, because it is vitally important at this very hour for the world to know what are the principles (supposing them to remain

unchanged) of this powerful Monarch. If we find him in 1814 liberal, just, true to his engagements, and friendly to the independence of Europe, it must afford strong presumption that in 1822 his policy will be directed by the same moderation, disinterestedness, and anxiety for the general weal. On the 10th of September 1813, the King of Bavaria wrote to the Emperor Alexander, that

— "A total stranger to the interests of the war, in which he had for too long a time been engaged—a war which was contrary to all his personal feelings, and which could only be a source of dangers and expense to him, he had, notwithstanding, fulfilled, with scrupulous fidelity, the engagements which, in other times and under other auspices, he had contracted; that now, when every circumstance concurred to disengage him from those obligations, he could only rejoice at the prospect of re-establishing those connexions, which he sincerely regretted had ever been interrupted. He had but one wish, which was, to see, as early as possible, the re-establishment of a general peace upon a solid and durable basis, and the preservation in their integrity of the states and territories submitted to his rule. He would concur, with zeal, with perseverance, and with all the means in his power, in every measure which would conduce to the attainment of this double object."

In acceding to this, the Emperor of Russia declared, "that the return to an order of things, which might assure to Europe a long continuance of peace and happiness, was the object towards which all his efforts tended; and the independence of the intermediate powers he looked upon as the best means of obtaining it."

The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia wrote to the same effect; and surely if these be the sentiments which actuate the Sovereigns now at Verona, mankind have little to dread of wars from ambition and views of personal or national aggrandizement. With regard to the Emperor Alexander, we shall cite one further evidence, which proves his reverence for the rights of independent States. When the invasion of France was resolved upon, the passage of an Austrian corps through Switzerland was a material feature in the operations; and Lord Burghersh says—"The first serious obstacle, which presented itself to this plan, was the objection of the Emperor of Russia to any interference with the neutrality of Switzerland." It is an auspicious omen for the world that this respect for a people's integrity was shown by a man upon whose decisions so much of its future peace depends.

But to return to the war. Buonaparte was defeated at Leipzig with the loss of 50,000 men, but fought his way from those who envied him; and partly owing to their mistakes, partly to his own abilities, rescued a considerable army for future contingencies. The blowing up of the bridge over the Elster, to which the salvation of the fugitive corps was to be attributed, our author does not mention as a casual or unconsidered act; as it has been represented to be by the friends of Napoleon. On the contrary, he says—

"Buonaparte quitted Leipzig about ten o'clock, and immediately after his passage of the Elster, the bridge over it, which was menaced by the advance of some sharpshooters, belonging to the corps of General Langeron, was blown up by the enemy, under an impression that not a moment was to be

lost in thus protecting the retreat of the army. Marshal Macdonald with the corps under his orders being thus left without the means of any organized retreat, each soldier sought to effect his own escape; the confusion attending such a state of things was necessarily disastrous. A vast number of officers and men, amongst whom were Prince Poniatowski and General Dumoustier, were drowned in attempting to pass the river."

Among the other effects of this great triumph by which Germany was freed, it was not the least that her population and resources were thenceforth marshalled against France, instead of being for her, or neutral. The tide of feeling, too, though not changed, was modified; and the certainty of victory, which with their perfect confidence in their General had hitherto done so much for the French veterans, while their oft-defeated adversaries were timid and irresolute, at least wavered in the balance. Prince Schwarzenberg, it is true, was an able Commander, and did much towards uniting the dissimilar materials of which his force was composed; but Blücher and the brilliant Generals under him, Yorck, Kleist, Bulow (Prussians), and Sacken, Langeron, Woronzoff (Russians), together with Gneissau, the inestimable chief of his staff, were the active instruments in bringing the extraordinary race of Buonaparte to its goal. Few English shared in these great exploits; but it is curious to observe among those who distinguished themselves, two names which opposite parties at home have been, and are, so loud in vilifying—Sir Hudson Lowe and Sir Robert Wilson! The former we find serving his country and the common cause with honour; and the latter is mentioned as having particularly distinguished himself at the head of one of the divisions which stormed the French camp at Hochheim, the last military event in the deliverance of Germany. Yet to read the intemperate Newspapers on both sides, one might be induced to believe Sir H. Lowe a contemptible upstart, and Sir R. Wilson a man who had never smelt gunpowder!

(To be continued.)

*The Duke D'Ormond, a Tragedy; and Beritola, a Tale.* By Charles Lloyd. 12mo. pp. 285. London, Longman & Co. Birmingham, Beilby & Knotts.

TRAGEDY, tragedy, tragedy; this is a very tragical age, said we, as we took up Mr. Lloyd's book. Would it had been *Dormant* instead of *D'Ormond*, we added, as we looked at the title. Little did we know what a hoax the author was playing, nor what a scene of laughter was in store for us. The fact seems to be, that Mr. Lloyd, sick as we are of the namby pamby of the day, of baby metaphysics, cockney trash, and puny sentimentalities, has sat down, and, rather seriously perhaps, written one of the best burlesques of the *Simpleton* School that has yet appeared. We shall give an account of it in a hand gallop over the pages; for the thing itself is too good to afford us the least hope of being able to satisfy public curiosity concerning it.

The Preface is in the purest degree satirical, and ridicules very bitterly those egotistical small-ware poets who are for ever teasing us about their own minds, and feelings, and perceptions; as if, heaven save the mark, they were the most original, and therefore the most inestimable natural curio-

sities since the world began. Mr. L. observes, in his quiet quizzical way, that "he even questions whether the turn of his mind, which rather leads him to analyse feelings, than to clothe them with the freshness, or to embody them in the flesh and blood vitality, of dramatic composition, does not utterly disqualify him for this species of writing." This is excellent: the pretence of not being competent to write a tragedy, in the preface to one you are publishing, is so like them, that it is really a capital joke against the Cockney bards.

As for *Beritola*, she is from Boccaccio—another hit at the everlasting versifiers from that mine; and the author solemnly protests, by way of increasing the effect of his rallery, that, like his Titus and Gisippus, in it "not one instance of, or even the most remote approach to, an attempt at the humorous can be found." It is easy to perceive through this style about the remote approach to an attempt at, that the author is jesting; but the Poem itself furnishes the best proof of his insidious intentions, though he afterwards increases the waggery by saying, that he does not write "from premeditation and design," but "in obedience to an impulse which it would be painful for him to resist." A whimsical apology for writing in impassioned language completes this *Indiculus* essay; it is a felicitous cloud, only there is no sunshine behind it. Possibly Mr. Lloyd might think his moonshine more passionate. We had almost forgot to say that the whole is heightened by an affected criticism, in which the author points out improvements that he might have made in his Tragedy. For our parts we think it perfect as it stands, with one very slight exception, which could be readily rectified. It appears to us, we may be hypercritical, that instead of only a third or a half of the long speeches being delivered "*aside*," it would have been a greater novelty if they had all been so spoken. Only think, gentle reader, what an original idea!—a tragedy with the whole dialogue indirectly given, and no one character ever addressing another. O! the plan would make the fortune of ten patent theatres, and to Mr. Lloyd be the honour of approaching so near to perfection in the invention before us.

*Beritola* is a tale from the Italian, and, truth to say, very far from it. The lady so named was the wife of one Bertholdo, Viceroy of Sicily, under Manfred, King of Naples; but the said Manfred being dethroned by King Carlos, poor Bertholdo and others of his friends were "thrust into a den beneath the Palace of Palermo, where they pined, of freedom hopeless, many a year" (our readers will forgive us for not always putting the quotations into the linear figure of poetry.) *Beritola* fled with a son, Guisfredi, eight summers old, to Lipari, and

On wretched bed

Within a little hut, another child

Upon the fugitive mother there first smiled.

He was called *Scacciatto*, for reasons assigned by the author, though from its odd nursery sound we detect a villainous jest in this business. No matter; having tried a nurse, the lady with Goosefriday (we hate the affectation of Italian orthography) and the other youngster just mentioned, sail for Naples, where Carlos reigned, for fear he should discover and seize her and her babes in their desolate abode of Lipari. This approach to an attempt at jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, was thwarted by a "contrarious



wind" which drove the vessel "against Ponza;" and  
While fate their course thus frustrates, they inclined  
To explore the coverts of that rock uneven.  
There disembarked Beritola, in mood  
To muse upon her fate in solitude.

The attractions of this "desert isle" were so enhanced by a certain "Ravine," with "here and there a tree," that the party determined to stay there. Unfortunately for Beritola,

One day, as 'twas her use, when she had been  
Reflecting there longer than she was wont;  
And now towards the ocean verge, the well-known scene

Where she had left her babes, from that rude  
She was returning, trace could not be seen  
Of babes or mariners:

In short, while she was doing the impossible, or the Bull-ish, that is to say, "reflecting longer than she was wont, as 'twas her use"!!! some cursed pirates had carried off our friends with the queer names, and their nurse. The mother, it may be believed, was in immense distress, and Mr. Lloyd lavishes all his pathos and passion in working up the picture. No sooner is she convinced of the fact, than  
She faints!—She falls!—No one can hear her  
For that small island as its native guest [groan]  
Not even one inhabitant possessed.

The author bewails, in piercing figures, her terrible lot, thus left alone,  
She whom the rough winds never had abused,  
Is now "left to hunger, and to bear all sounds of danger (in a desert isle,) and all forms of fear." What these might be is not stated, though matters go badly enough. "Her trance subsides," and she has a regular search "in every nook" for her lost darlings, but alas, in vain—

nor of that crew,  
Nor of her children could she trace again.  
Once more she tottered to that gloomy yew.

Outworn and famishing! yet 'twas not pain;—  
'Twas agony—or if a word more fierce  
There be—'twas it that did her heart's core pierce.

There being no word more fierce in our dictionary, we are sorry we cannot supply it at the poet's call to pierce his heroine's heart with it—"skewer" is the only one we can offer. She ate all night on the ground, and got worse and worse towards morning from a very natural circumstance, which our maternal friends will at once comprehend. The fact was, she was suckling little Scaccio, or as the author exquisitely expresses it,

Time had been  
When Scaccio's little hands did fawn  
Upon her breasts! Pangs exquisite and keen  
Now harbour there, and no infanting lip  
Brings coolness to them with its eager sip.

In this perplexity, there being no nipple-glasses, or cunningly contrived weaning-pumps, at that time in Ponza, a lucky accident happened for her relief—

Just at that moment from a neighbouring cave,  
Which she had not perceived, in that ravine,  
A She-Goat issued. From despair to save

That wretched mother, what a thought hath been  
The lumate of her heart! Now doth she brave  
The thorns and jutting rocks which th' entrance  
Of a low cavern; there, upon the ground, [screen  
Nestling, a pair of just dropped goats she found.

With eager, frantic gesture then she stooped,  
Exposing to their lizle lips her breast;  
That natural sustenance which had long been cooped  
E'en till she was with agony oppressed.  
They swiftly drank. As blossom that hath drooped  
Beneath the sun, as now toward the west

The day retires, the evening dew refreshes;  
So she revived from every drop that gushes!

As towards that cavern's orifice she turns,  
While thus these goatlings drew away her pain,  
It seems as if the sun less fiercely burns,  
The sky a softer azure seems to gain;  
A gush of nature in her breast that yearns  
Towards these helpless creatures doth unchain  
The fount of tears: it seems as if a hand  
Has, from her temples, snatched a fiery brand.

A new-born welcome, to her eyes, is seen  
Reflected from each branch that stirs in air,  
Each leaf that by the breeze is kissed, a green  
Of more refreshing hue appears to bear.  
A liquid freshness mantles all the scene:

The parched aridity of her despair  
To something of a softer nature changes; [rings.  
And thought, e'en while she weeps, more freely

The delights of being sucked by goats will,  
we fear, seduce some of our luxurious mothers from their infants.

The fever of the body, and the mind,  
Seemed thus abated; and then first she felt  
The call of hunger. But how could she find

What might assuage her appetite? She knelt—  
And, thankful, that, when fate seemed least inclined  
To be her friend, some succour had been dealt,  
She now resolved, through trust in Heaven to gain  
That which ne'er yet was trusted to in vain.

Thus sometimes weeping for her children lost;  
And sometimes for her husband;—of the fruits,  
And berries,—which the sterile rocks embossed  
Of this rude isle—partaking: by these goats,—  
And by their mother, she was so engrossed,  
That they to her as friends were. Each salutes,  
At morn's return, the other as a friend!  
Each, at day's close, to the same cave doth wend.

The perfect friendship thus cemented with  
the old Nanny (her husband Billy is, ungratefully, never mentioned) reconciles Beritola to the Isle; and the two kids, with their double allowances of lacteal food, half human half goatish, grow apace, and turn to be most interesting animals.

But the happiest mundane connexions are not formed to last for ever; the Signs of Gemini and Capricorn are not more eterne than other celestial or planetary influences. A Pinnacle from Pisa brings hunting visitors to Ponza, whose dogs, pursuing "flying game," start the "little goats," and chase them

till, at length oppressed,  
They found a shelter in that Lady's breast.

The sporting owners of the dogs, named  
Mr. and Mrs. Cur-rado (another obvious pun which lets us into the author's spirit) come up—

When as Currado, at that Dame's request,  
The dogs who still clung round her, had dispersed,

How there she came, and wherefore she was guest  
Of spot like this, what fate her thus had cursed,  
He urged her courteously to manifest.

Beritola, in accents few, rehearsed  
Her past mishaps, and then did she aver  
That nothing, from that isle, should sever her!

We do not know that we ever met with composition more original than this: the extraordinary use of almost every epithet is so very striking, that we were at a loss by what appellation to distinguish Mr. Lloyd's versification from all that has preceded it, till a friend proved to us that upon the whole it ought to be classed with the *Druidic*. The following stanza contains his reasons in italics—

Spina they also seized; and in a cell

Noisome and dark did they constrain to lie;  
Her father did not to her mother tell [supply  
Where she was thrust: the hard ground did  
Her only bed: and though her salt tears fell,  
No hand was there to wipe them: though a sigh  
Oft from her heaving throat, as if 'twould break,  
Did burst; no one on her did pity take.

But to return briefly to the tale—the Lady and the three Goats are persuaded (like Lord Byron and the Liberals) to settle near Pisa; where the latter herbalize, but the former becomes "a visionary creature."

(And then with intropenetrating flame,  
Her eye pierced through impenetrable things.)

Perhaps all our readers are not sufficiently acquainted with the simpletonian mystics, to comprehend the keenness of this satirical cut. It is expanded in a context equally humorous—

Her dreams were life! Her very thoughts were  
A language hieroglyphic could she read [forms:  
In all created things; and fancy warms  
Her spirit so, that it a shape decreed  
Which, ere the act matures, the soul informs  
Of that which shall infallibly proceed  
From the next moment! In each hue, or tinge  
Of outward shapes, fate did a truth impinge.

Thus things for her doubly exist. She sees  
Will's shadow ere that will is brought to act;  
The birds seem sent to her on ministries  
Of weal or woe: what'e'er the fates transact,  
Ere 'tis transacted, she perceives the breeze  
Of its approaching presence: for all fact  
There seems to be such fitness in her state;  
'Twixt them seems harmony predestinate.

After a lapse of years, our old acquaintance Goosefriday reappears on the scene; a handsome lad, but chiefly distinguished for his dandy locks, which "in masses, all the while (tho' we don't know what while) or, in crisp ringlets on his forehead,—lent assistance to those charms which most beguile: as rich frame doth rich painting ornament." For, adds our author to this whimsical comparison, To aid expression nothing can compare

With fluctuation of luxuriant hair.

This well-looking fellow gets into the family of Currado, and falls in love with his daughter, Miss Spina, who returns the compliment with interest: if we may so say of so utterly disinterested a passion as love is. Madame Beritola refuses to go to a dance, at which he is present, lest she might be recognised; for, says the Poem, very pithily, Beritola,—who much was urged to go—

Inexorably kept her old resolve:— [know  
"It might be," she exclaimed, "some one would  
Me, 'mong so many who all there conyolve  
From parts so various;" [But]

Little did she suspect her son was there!  
Or she had ne'er made such excuse, I ween;  
Exultingly not only would she best  
Scrutiny's chilling look him to have seen.

Currado discovers his daughter's amour, and is in such a rage, that he affords the author one of those opportunities alluded to in his preface of exhibiting a character of "an impassioned east." He locks up the lovers (by a refinement in cruelty, not together,) and keeps them in prison two years; when King Carlos is deposed, and the legitimate order of things re-established in Sicily. This event leads to a fortunate finale. All Manfred's adherents are restored to power, and among the rest Bertholdo, Beritola, the nurse, the two lads, with the droll names, two brides found for them, the old Nanny Goat, and the two kids, now grown, in fourteen years,

venerable and patriarchal-looking goats as you would wish to clap your eyes on. From Pisa they all sail for Sicily, and the poem ends in its 192d stanza with a delicious moral: The Goats, I need not say, were not forgot!

These had the links been; from them had been drawn

The little slender thread which bound the lot  
Of present joy, to that which marked the dawn  
Of their adventurous lives. Thus as a goat

A female life saved, may not hence be drawn  
Fifty, the lesson, that we ne'er are wise,  
So long as trifling agents we despise.

Upon the whole we consider *Beritola* to be a most ingenious and amusing burlesque upon the Cockney sentimentalists. As W. Gifford's admirable *Baviad* annihilated the *Della Crusca*, so must it destroy the silly School against which its pungent irony is directed. The battery is too heavy to be withstood, and we thank Mr. Lloyd for the service he has rendered the world of letters by ridding it of these little nasty insignificant buzzing stinging insects.

Having gone so far to instruct our readers in the exceeding merits of the Poem, we must leave the Tragedy much to their own tastes, when they may be induced to peruse it. There is one great beauty attached to the speeches "*aside*" which we did not specify: it arises from the person not addressed "*catching the last words*" of the speaker, and thus introducing a very novel variety into the dialogue. Thus, for instance:

*Colville (aside)*  
What can I say to her? Rather than speak  
That which I must, I would announce his death.

*Julia (who had caught his last words.)*  
"Death!" Did you say he is dead? Then I indeed  
Am friendless and undone! [*Faints.*]

*Colville.* Poor girl! He is not dead! No, no—  
Yet lives he.

*(Aside.)* But I rather would announce  
His death to her, than his degraded state!—  
Yet noble, or so seemed it, was his nature!

*Julia (catching his last words.)*

Was noble, say you? And "so seemed it?" Oh.  
It is astonishing to what an extent this  
practice may be carried to diversify situations;  
and Mr. L. (who is obviously quizzing  
modern Tragedy in *D'Ormond*, as he lashes  
modern poetry in *Beritola*) add much to the  
ludicrous of his plan, not only by his prodigious  
"*asides*" and "*still asides*," but in the  
few colloquial parts, by putting speeches of  
half a dozen pages in length into the mouths  
of his characters, and by such directions as  
the following: (we do not quote those which  
occupy more than a page!)

"The Marchioness de Mielcour goes out, darting  
towards Courtenay, unperceived by him, a  
look of the most profound contempt.

*Aside*, but loud enough for the Duke to hear.  
*Aside*, but still purposely loud enough for the  
Duke to hear.

"To the Duke, as if suddenly roused from deep  
meditation.

Affecting not to hear the Duke, and to be in  
such a state of abstraction that he is insensible to  
the presence of any second person.

With an hysterical wildness, which Despard,  
in his stupidity, mistakes for rage.

Wrapt up in himself and not condescending to  
heed her.

Stupidly and doggedly going on; and from  
self-complacency not adverting to the apostrophe  
of Julia.

What do we hear? One of our readers  
apostrophizing that we too are stupidly and  
doggedly going on. Aha, say you so—then  
"good night to all!"—*Macbeth.*

*The Life of the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, &c. &c.*  
By the Rev. T. R. England. 8vo. pp. 345.  
London 1822. Longman & Co.; Keating,  
Brown, & Co.

THOUGH twenty years after his decease,  
this *Life* of the famous Father O'Leary is  
better late than never. Besides a sketchy  
biography of that person, the author has in-  
troduced historical anecdotes, the memoirs  
of other Romish Priests (such as Drs. Moylan,  
Hussey, &c.) and documents to illustrate the  
condition of the Irish Catholics during the  
18th century. These give greater weight and  
interest to his publication than it could other-  
wise have enjoyed; and though we find the  
statements very strongly tainted with his  
religious feelings, and language sometimes  
used ill in unison with his principles of mo-  
deration, the Volume is altogether a per-  
formance calculated to be popularly read.

Arthur O'Leary was born in the western  
part of the county of Cork, in the year 1729.  
His parents were peasants; and nothing of  
his early life is recorded. His education we  
are informed was imperfect, in consequence  
of the penal laws which then existed against  
the instruction of Papists; and if we con-  
sider the rank and means of his progenitors,  
another reason for this want of learning  
might perhaps be surmised. Probably he  
displayed some talent while yet a boy; as at  
the age of eighteen, namely, in 1747, we  
find that he went to France, entered the  
Capuchin Convent at St. Maloes, and became  
in due time a brother of that Order. Till  
1756 he pursued his studies, and in that year  
rendered himself conspicuous by his religious  
attentions to the British prisoners confined  
in the prisons of St. Maloes. In 1771 he  
returned to Ireland, and settled in Cork,  
where a chapel being erected for him, he  
preached with considerable reputation. About  
1775 he entered the field as a public writer,  
by taking part in a controversy against a  
Scottish physician named Blair, who had  
published a book in favour of the doctrines  
of Servetus and of free-thinking in religion.  
From this period he promulgated several  
pamphlets on various questions, and always  
advocated the cause of loyalty, patriotism,  
and Christianity. Thus in 1779 he vigorously  
assailed John Wesley; in 1780 wrote an able  
Essay on Toleration; afterwards entered into  
a defence of the character of Pius vi. (Gan-  
ganelli); and at a later era still, took a  
leading part in the then celebrated con-  
troversy, called the Cloyne Controversy, in  
which the tenets and acts of the Irish Roman  
Catholics were arraigned by Dr. Duigenan  
and the Bishop of Cloyne, and justified by  
O'Leary and others.

Upon this, as upon all other occasions, our  
"*Holy Friar*" displayed some of that joco-  
seness which marked his character. Dr. Wood-  
ward had exposed the belief in Purgatory,  
and was animadverted upon as follows by  
his humorous antagonist:

"We cannot in reason hate a catholic for  
his speculative creed. His belief of the real  
presence affects us no more than if he be-  
lieved Berenice's tresses were changed into  
a comet. Nor are we much concerned,  
whether in that immensity beyond the grave,  
there may be an intermediate place between  
the two extremes of complete happiness and  
complete misery—a place where the soul  
atones for venial lapses, and pays off a part  
of the debts it has contracted here. It is  
equal to us where a man pays his debts,

whether here or in purgatory, provided he  
pays ourselves what he owes us; and how-  
ever clamorous a mitred divine may be about  
a popish purgatory, HE MAY PERHAPS GO  
FURTHER, AND SPEED WORSE."

"The proctor's pound, where the cot-  
tager's cow or calf is imprisoned, is a greater  
nuisance to the living than thousands of sub-  
terranean caverns beyond the grave."

Such hits were not uncommon with Father  
O'Leary, and his gennine Irish fun mingled  
in his gravest arguments, as well as in his  
social enjoyments and less important con-  
cerns. We remember hearing an anecdote  
of him, with which we shall head two or  
three furnished by Mr. England, with whom  
we should not have quarrelled if he had in-  
troduced a few more.

At a review in Hyde Park, O'Leary had  
stopped to speak to the Prince of Wales,  
when an Aide du Camp came up with his  
horse's head so close over the reverend  
Father's shoulder, that the foam from his  
mouth was communicated to the Friar's  
muzzle. Indignant at the accident at such  
a moment, O'Leary wheeled round, and with  
his nervous grasp of the bridle threw the  
animal on his haunches, and his rider almost  
upon the ground, exclaiming, "I shaved this  
morning already, Sir, and I won't be lathered  
again by you."

Our author says, "amongst other traits of  
humour that distinguished his residence in  
England, his acquaintance with the well  
known Daniel Dansey, of pennurious notoriety,  
is not the least remarkable. The retired  
habits and low cautious avarice which char-  
acterised that strange man, rendered an in-  
troduction to him difficult, and an intimacy  
of any continuance a matter almost out of the  
range of possibility. The obstacles to both  
were overcome by O'Leary. During a visit  
which he made in the neighbourhood where  
Dansey resided, he found means to gain ad-  
mittance into the ruined dwelling where the  
miser passed his life. Some strange com-  
munication, which he contrived to have con-  
veyed to the object of his search, got him  
admittance to a filthy apartment, where the  
haggard lord of the mansion anxiously awaited  
his arrival. O'Leary introduced himself as  
a relative of the Dansey family, and in a most  
amusing strain of brilliant and delightful de-  
tail of the origin of the name, and the exploits  
of the early founders of the race from David,  
who danced before the Israelites, he traced  
the progress of their descent to the collateral  
branches, the Welsh *jumpers*, then contem-  
poraries of dancing notoriety. His wit triumphed:  
for a moment the sorrow brow of avarice  
became illumined by the indications of a de-  
lighted mind, and Dansey had courage enough  
to invite his visitor to partake of a glass of  
wine, which, he said, he would procure for  
his refreshment. A cordial shake hands was  
the return made for O'Leary's polite refusal  
of so expensive a compliment; and he came  
from the house followed by his strange tenant,  
who, to the amusement of O'Leary, and the  
astonishment of the only other person who  
witnessed the scene, solicited the favour of  
another visit. . . .

"At one of the meetings of the English  
catholic board, whilst O'Leary was address-  
ing the chairman, the late Lord Petre, it was  
suggested by the noble president that the  
speaker was entering on topics not calculated  
to promote the unanimity of the assembly.  
O'Leary, however, persevered; on which  
Lord Petre interrupted him; adding, 'Mr.



O'Leary, I regret much to see that you are out of order." The reply was equally quick and characteristic—"I thank you for your anxiety, my lord; but I assure you I never was in better health in my life." The archness of manner with which these words were uttered was triumphant, and every unpleasant feeling was lost in the mirth which was necessarily excited."

The wag was himself sometimes played upon.

"The angry themes of religious disputation were, through life, sedulously avoided by O'Leary. He never published any thing professedly controversial. His sermons, as has already been noticed, frequently turned on points of religious belief; and, in some of his writings, his vindication of many of the doctrines and practices of the catholic church was equally learned and successful. Once, however, notwithstanding his declared aversion to polemics, he was led into its thorny ways. The circumstance was as follows:—Some time before he quitted Cork, he received a letter, through the post office; the writer of which, in terms expressive of the utmost anxiety, stated that he was a clergyman of the established church, on whose mind impressions favourable to the catholic creed had been made by some sermons of O'Leary's;—he was an enemy, he said, to angry controversy; but as a ray of light had broken in on his mind, he yielded to a conscientious impulse to seek further and fuller information on some articles of the catholic creed, than the course of his early education had permitted or enabled him to acquire. His name he forbore to reveal. O'Leary, who was ever alive to the claims of duty as well as humanity, replied in a manner perfectly satisfactory to his anonymous correspondent. Other doubts were expressed and dissipated; and, through a series of eight or ten long letters, every point of difference between the catholic and protestant churches was urged, on the one hand, with the utmost force, and refuted by the other, in the ablest and most convincing manner. The triumphant controversialist had, in the joy of his heart, whispered the important secret, (a discovery of which subjected him, by the laws then in force, to transportation or death,) to a few ecclesiastical confidants; amongst whom was his bosom friend, the late Rev. Lawrence Callanan, a Franciscan friar, of Cork. Their congratulations and approbation were not wanting to urge forward the champion of orthodoxy. His arguments bore all before them: even the obstacles arising from family and legal motives were disregarded by the enthusiastic convert; and he besought O'Leary to name a time and place at which he might lift the mysterious visor, by which he had, hitherto, been concealed; and, above all, have an opportunity afforded to him to express his sentiments of gratitude and veneration to his friend and teacher.

"The appointed hour arrived:—O'Leary arranged his orthodox wig; put on his Sunday suit of sables, and sallied forth in all the collected gravity of a man fully conscious of the novelty and responsibility of the matter in which he was engaged. He arrived at the appointed place of meeting some minutes after the fixed time—was told that a respectable clergyman awaited his arrival in an adjoining parlour—thither he goes, and finds seated at a table, with the entire correspondence before him, his brother friar Callanan. The joke in O'Leary's opinion was carried

too far, and the subject was too serious to be trifled with; and it required the sacrifice of the correspondence, and the interference of mutual friends to effect a reconciliation. Any allusion to the matter afterwards he looked upon to be personally offensive; and it may be doubted whether his friendship for Mr. Callanan ever entirely recovered from the wound inflicted on it by this circumstance."

The following, relating to the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, is deserving of being classed with the above, though O'Leary does not figure in it:

"An Italian, who had come to London for purposes of trade, and whose notions of an English mob were not much tempered by common sense or experience, was anxious, during the heat of the riots, to get safe to his lodging from a distant part of the city; but as he feared lest his being a catholic and his ignorance of the English language should subject him to insult, if not to a chance of being knocked down, he prevailed with an acquaintance of his to teach him some vulgar and popular denunciation of popery. After some very successful repetitions of this *pass word*, he ventured into the streets. He had not, however, proceeded an hundred yards on his way, when he perceived eight or ten athletic fellows, armed with bludgeons, and apparently under the influence of intoxication, coming towards him. These he guessed to be members of Lord G. Gordon's association; and, of course, he immediately took off his hat, waved it in the air, and vociferated, in a painful screech, 'Damn the Pope and popery.' His uncovered head was too tempting an object not to attract the leader of the party, (which consisted of Irish chairmen, who, taking courage from despair, and who, fully charged with gin, had sallied forth, the devoted champions of *Pope and popery*;) a blow of a cudgel felled the recreant to the earth, which was quickly followed by others, at every effort of 'Damnation,' till their victim was rescued from his assailants by an Irish gentleman, to whom he was fortunately known; and whose influence with his infuriate countrymen probably saved the life of his Italian friend."

But to return to our subject. O'Leary was with Dr. Hussey attached to the Spanish Embassy in London, and during the last years of his life preached at the chapel in Sutton Street, Soho Square, whither curiosity as well as admiration attracted many hearers. He also latterly received a pension, from the liberality of Government, of £200. a year.

"One circumstance (says his biographer) remarkable during his residence in London, was, that in the midst of the distractions by which he was occupied, he still retained the love of religious solitude, which he had early imbibed in the exercises of the cloister; and he frequently, towards the close of his life, deeply and earnestly regretted his having ever quitted the peaceful retreats of piety and learning. If the circumstances in which he was placed would have permitted such a line of conduct, there is reason to believe that, notwithstanding his social attractions and disposition, his wishes led him to end his life in retirement:—but such a choice was denied to him; and he had no alternative but that of occasional retreat for the purposes of personal sanctification."

His early feelings, habits, and religion, led him to be a strenuous hater of the French revolution. He pitied the unfortunate emigrants, and frequently exercised his pen to

plead their cause; and in a pithy description of a visit which he paid to France, depicted the effects of the change that had taken place by saying, that "there was not *now* one gentleman left in the whole country." A pamphlet against perjury, suggested by the shocking disregard to oaths at the Westminster election, was never published; and the last production of his pen was a Memorial in behalf of the Fathers of La Trappe, then fugitives on the face of the earth. On the day after his arrival in London from France he died, 8th January, 1802, aged 72, and was buried in St. Pancras Church-yard.

We shall not prolong this paper with any remarks. Mr. England, as we have hinted, occasionally speaks rather coarsely of those from whom he differs in opinion; in other respects he has performed his task satisfactorily enough. He signals the year 1774 as the first dawn of relaxation towards the Catholics, by the passing of the Act whereby they were admitted to certify their allegiance to the King; and he mentions that Dr. Egan, at Clonmell (who died in 1797), "was the first catholic clergyman in Ireland, since the Revolution, who was permitted to assist criminals under sentence of death, previously to their execution."

These are about all the benefits we are told of—they seem to be written in water; the injuries in brass.

*Time's Telescope for 1823; a Guide to the Almanack, &c. &c. Sherwood & Co.*

We are acquainted with no annual work which has united so many suffrages in its favour as *Time's Telescope*. The present publication does not derogate from the character of its predecessors, but is indeed an agreeable and instructive miscellany. Besides the Almanack part, there are many interesting subjects embraced, and extremely well put together. Thus we have notices of antiquities, chronology, contemporary biography, natural history (including the naturalist's diary, and an introduction on the habits, &c. of British insects,) original poetry, to which Bernard Barton is a distinguished contributor, and selections from many useful and amusing works of the day.

We experience some difficulty in illustrating a production which is itself so essentially illustrative; but we transcribe a few passages the most likely to entertain our readers, and show in what manner this *Telescope* is turned to the objects within its view. We take, for instance, dates within the preceding month.

"9.—*Lord Mayor's Day*.—The word *mayor*, if we adopt the etymology of Verstegan, comes from the ancient English *maier*, able or potent, the verb *may* or *can*. King Richard I. A.D. 1189, first changed the bailiffs of London into Mayors; by whose example others were afterwards appointed.

"11.—*St. Martin*.—He was a native of Hungary, and for some time followed the life of a soldier; but afterwards took orders, and was made Bishop of Tours in France, in which see he continued for twenty-six years. Martin died about the year 397, much lamented, and highly esteemed for his virtues. . . . In some parts of England, the fine open weather which is occasionally experienced at the commencement of this month,—the last, lingering look of Autumn,—is termed *Saint Martin's little Summer*.

"12. 1381.—*Order of Fools Instituted*.—On

St. Canibert's day, Adolphus, Count of Cleves, in conjunction with the Count de Meurs and thirty-five noblemen of Cleves, instituted this order under the appellation of 'd'Order van't Gecken Geselschap.' The original patent of creation was formerly preserved in the archives of Cleves, which, however, were totally destroyed by the French revolutionists upon their first irruption into Germany, and the only genuine copy of it which now exists, and of which, for the information of the curious, we have subjoined a translation, is to be found in Von Buggenhagen's Account of the Roman and National Antiquities, &c. discovered at Cleves. To this document are affixed thirty-six seals, all imprinted on green wax, with the exception of that of the founder, which is on red wax and, in the centre of the test, having on its right the seal of the Count de Meurs, and on its left that of Diedrich van Eyl. The insignium borne by the knights of this order on the left side of their mantles consisted of a fool, embroidered in a red and silver vest, with a cap on his head, intersected harlequin-wise with red and yellow divisions and gold bells attached, with yellow stockings and black shoes: in his right hand was a cup filled with fruits, and in his left a gold key, symbolic of the affection subsisting between the different members.

"It is uncertain when this order ceased, although it appears to have been in existence at the commencement of the sixteenth century, when, however, its pristine spirit had become totally extinct. The latest mention that has hitherto been found of it occurs in some verses prefixed by Onofrius Brand to the German translation of his father Sebastian Brand's celebrated '*Navis Stultifera Mortalium*,' by the learned Dr. Geiler von Kaisersberg, which was published at Strasburg in the year 1520.

"Two-fold was the purpose of the noble founders of this order: to relieve the wants and alleviate the miseries of their suffering fellow-creatures, and to banish ennui during the numerous festivals observed in those ages, when the unceasing routine of disports and recreations, which modern refinement has invented in the present, were unknown. During the period of its meeting, which took place annually and lasted seven days, all distinctions of rank were laid aside, and the most cordial equality reigned throughout. Each had his particular part allotted to him on those occasions, and those who supported their characters in the ablest manner, contributed most to the conviviality and gaiety of the meeting. Indeed, we cannot but be strongly prepossessed in its favour, when we recur to the excellent regulations which accompanied its institution, and were admirably calculated to preserve it, at least for a great length of time, from degenerating into absurdity and extravagance.

"We must not confound this laudable establishment with the vulgar and absurd practices which, till of late years, existed in many places under the names of *Fests of Fools* and of the *Ass*, &c. These were only national festivals, intended for the occasional diversion, or, as in those days they were termed, rites to promote the pious edification of the lower classes, which, not unfrequently introduced by a superatition of the lowest and most illiberal species, soon became objects of depravity and unbridled licentiousness. Of a totally different nature also, and analogous only in quaintness of appella-

tion, were the societies established by men of letters in various parts of Italy, such as the society of the '*Invenuti*' at Perugia, of the '*Stravaganti*' at Pisa, and the '*Eterociti*' at Pesaro. Nor can we allow ourselves to pass over in silence, on the present occasion, the Order or Society of Fools, otherwise denominated '*Respublica Babinepsis*,' which was founded towards the middle of the fourteenth century by some Polish noblemen, and took its name from the estate of one Psionka, the principal instigator, near Lenblin. Its form was modelled after that of the constitution of Poland; like this, too, it had its king, its council, its chamberlain, its master of the hunt, and various other offices. *Whoever made himself ridiculous by any singular and foolish propensity, on him was conferred an appointment befitting it.* Thus he, who carried his partiality to the canine species to a ridiculous extreme, was created master of the hunt; whilst another, who constantly boasted of his valourous achievements, was raised to the dignity of field marshal. No one dared to refuse the acceptance of such a vocation, unless he wished to become a still greater object of ridicule and animadversion than before. This order soon experienced so rapid an increase of numbers, that there were few at court who were not members of it. At the same time it was expressly forbidden that any lampooner should be introduced amongst them. The avowed object of this institution was to prevent the rising generation from the adoption of bad habits and licentious manners; and ridiculous as was its outward form, is not its design, at least, entitled to our esteem and veneration?

"*Patent of Creation of the Order of Fools.*—We all, who have heretofore affixed our seals, make known unto all men, and declare, that after full and mature consideration, both on our own behalf and on account of the singular good-will and friendship which we all bear, and will continue to bear towards one another, we have instituted a Society of Fools, according to the form and manner hereunto subjoined:

"Be it therefore known, that each member shall wear a fool, either made of silver, or embroidered, on his coat. And such member as shall not daily wear this fool, him shall and may any one of us, as often as he shall see it, punish with a mulct of three old great tournois (livres tournois, about four-pence halfpenny,) which three tournois shall be appropriated to the relief of the poor in the Lord!

"Further, will we Fools yearly meet, and hold a convective and court, and assemble ourselves, to wit at Cleves, every year on the Sunday after Michaelmas-day; and no one of us shall depart out of the city, nor mount his horse to quit the place where we may be met together, without previous notice, and his having defrayed that part of the expences of the court which he is bound to bear. And none of us shall remain away on any pretence or for any other reason whatsoever than this, namely, that he is labouring under very great infirmity; excepting, moreover, those only who may be in a foreign country, and at six days' journey from their customary place of residence. If it should happen that any one of the society is at enmity with another, then must the whole society use their utmost endeavours to adjust their differences and reconcile them; and such members and all their abettors shall be excluded from appearing at the court on the Friday morning

when it commences its sitting at sun-set, until it breaks up on the same Friday at sun-set.

"And we will further at the royal court yearly elect one of the members to be king of our society, and six to be counsellors; which king with his six counsellors shall regulate and settle all the concerns of the society, and in particular appoint and affix the court of the ensuing year; they shall also procure, and cause to be procured, all things necessary for the said court, of which they shall keep an exact account. These expences shall be alike both to knights and squires, and a third part more shall fall upon the lords than upon the knights and squires; but the counts shall be subject to a third part more than the lords.

"And early on the Tuesday morning (during the period of the court's sitting,) all of us members shall go to the church of the Holy Virgin at Cleves, to pray for the repose of all those of the society who may have died; and there shall each bring his separate offering.

"And each of us has mutually pledged his good faith, and solemnly engaged to fulfil faithfully, undeviatingly, and inviolably, all things which are above enumerated, &c.

"Done at Cleves, 1381, on the day of St. Canibert."

As an example of the Naturalist's Diary, we quote the opening for October.

"To a contemplative mind few pleasures afford more gratification than an autumnal morning's ramble: each season furnishes its own enjoyments and has its separate votaries; but there are accompaniments to that of autumn, independent of the peculiar temperament of the air, which are singularly impressive; it is, however, the woodlands now that exhibit the most strongly marked character; many of the mossy tribe, at this season, are in full verdure, and the root of an old tree becomes a landscape with its mountains and forests; for, as an old poet says,

— — — off the small flower layeth  
Its fairy gem beside the giant-tree.

The lichen is advancing in all its various forms; the *Jungi*, in this and the succeeding months, are found in all their splendour, and with a variety and elegance of appearance of which an observer only can be fully sensible: what can be more beautiful than to see these highly decorated children of Flora in all their youthful freshness and splendour? The *verdigris agaric* (*ag. aruginosa*) just risen from its humid mossy bed, shining with the morning dew, its veil festooned around it, besprinkled with gems of moisture, glittering like a circlet of emeralds and topazes, must be the admiration of all who view it! The *squirrel*, gambolling round the root of an ancient oak, whose base perhaps is overgrown with the dew-berry bush (*rubus coccineus*), its fruit mature, covered with unsullied bloom; the *spider* watching immovable in the centre of his toils; the *nut-hatch* cleaving his prize in the hollow of some dry bough; the loud laugh of the *green woodpecker*, full of hilarity; the scream of the *jay*,—are all symbols of this season, and are distinctly marked in the silence and loneliness of the scene, forming a series of accompaniments which make a sensible and perhaps more permanent impression on the memory, than the verdant promises of Spring, or the profusion of Summer; the young mind which can feel and



understand these delights of the country, will say, with the poet,

Oh, let me still with simple Nature live,  
My wild field-flowers on her altar lay;  
Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,  
And calmly pass an inoffensive day.

We have only to add, that a neat engraving adds to the value of this excellent work.

#### FORGET ME NOT.

This is another of the Christmas Gifts, and upon a plan new to this country, though prevalent to a very great extent upon the Continent. Knowing the immense number of similar works annually sold in Germany and France, we have long been surprised that no publisher in this country had adopted the form, where wealth and luxury were so likely to afford it like encouragement. This is the first attempt of the kind, and it does credit to Mr. Ackermann, though we must say we think the design capable of being carried to a much higher point of excellence.

The Almanack of Gotha seems to be the model, and the plates are really beautiful. A handsome frontispiece of the Madonna from a picture by V. de san Gimignano (a pupil of Raphael's), is followed by fanciful subjects emblematical of the Twelve Months, designed by Burney and engraved by Agar. These are sweetly done. The poetry which accompanies them is, however, but mediocre, though from the pen of Mr. Coombe, the well-known author of *Dr. Syntax*, &c. whose forte does not appear to be the grave or pathetic. Several prose stories of considerable interest occupy nearly all the rest of this elegant volume; the end being filled with lists of reigning sovereigns, population returns, and other useful information.

We are sorry that the tales are too long to admit of our extracting any of them entire as a specimen, and to abridge would be to spoil them. But we have no hesitation in saying, that our fair friends will find this Work a very pleasing offering of the class to which it pertains.

*A Second Series of Curiosities of Literature; consisting of Researches in Literary, Biographical, and Secret History, &c. &c.* By I. D'Israeli. 8vo. 3 vols. London 1823. J. Murray.

A REVIEWER may be compared to a traveller in Africa. There is a great deal of arid ground to go over, long deserts, siroccos from displeased authors, mirages of miserable disappointment, and, ever and anon, districts of surpassing tropical beauty, fertile plains, delicious rivers, palm-trees in the middle-waste, with their concomitant wells to refresh the weary wanderer to these precious Oases. Or, to take a comparison nearer home, he may be likened to a traveller in England. The dusty and uninteresting road, the uncertain climate, now rain, now sunshine, the wearisome hill, the barren tract, the stunted vegetation, the poor entertainment at poor houses, and the cruel banks to appetite at showy hotels with bad fare and worse attendance, have their compensations in the picturesque view, the delightful valley, the sublime mountain, the pleasant route, the romantic ramble, and the comforts of the snug inn, where welcome and all the pleasures of repose and restoration await the visitor. To which of the classes, the agreeable or the disagreeable, these volumes might be expected to belong, no one acquainted with their pre-

cursors, (and who of literary taste has not read them with entire gratification?) can fail to anticipate. They are in truth the Oasis of our first smile, or the refreshing resort of our second. But we cannot yet tell all their attractions: we can only say, that wherever we have looked, we have been detained by finding it a difficulty beyond our resolution to tear ourselves away from the various literary repast. So many of the dishes are to our palate, that like an epicure at a feast, we hardly know where to begin: we shall almost at hazard take a portion from several nearest to us. In the first volume is a paper on "Suppressors and dilapidators of Manuscripts," which thus concludes:

"Among these mutilators of manuscripts we cannot too strongly remonstrate with those who have the care of the works of others, and convert them into a vehicle for their own particular purposes, even when they run directly counter to the knowledge and opinions of the original writer. Hard was the fate of honest Anthony Wood, when Dr. Fell undertook to have his history of Oxford translated into Latin; the translator, a sullen dogged fellow, when he observed that Wood was enraged at seeing the perpetual alterations of his copy made to please Dr. Fell, delighted to alter it the more; while the greater executioner supervising the printed sheets, by 'correcting, altering, or dashing out what he pleased,' compelled the writer publicly to disavow his own work! Such I have heard was the case of Bryan Edwards, who composed the first accounts of Mungo Park. Bryan Edwards, whose personal interests were opposed to the abolishment of the slave-trade, would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed!"

From an essay on Sir E. Coke's style and conduct we quote the following:

"This great lawyer perhaps set the example of that style of railing and invective at our bar, which the egotism and craven-insolence of some of our lawyers include in their practice at the bar."

[The author then briefly relates his well-known vituperative dialogue with Sir W. Raleigh, and adds]

"Coke had used the same style with the unhappy favourite of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex. It was usual with him; the bitterness was in his own heart, as much as in his words; and Lord Bacon has left among his memorandums one entitled, 'Of the abuse I received of Mr. Attorney-General publicly in the Exchequer.' A specimen will complete our model of his forensic oratory. Coke exclaimed, 'Mr. Bacon, if you have any tooth against me, pluck it out; for it will do you more hurt than all the teeth in your head will do you good.' Bacon replied, 'The less you speak of your own greatness, the more I will think of it.' Coke replied, 'I think scorn to stand upon terms of greatness towards you, who are less than little, less than the least.' Coke was exhibited on the stage for his ill usage of Rawleigh, as was suggested by Theobald in a note on Twelfth Night. This style of railing was long the privilege of the lawyers; it was revived by Judge Jeffreys; but the bench of judges in the reign of William and Anne

taught a due respect even to criminals, who were not supposed to be guilty till they were convicted.

"When Coke once was himself in disgrace, his high spirit sunk without a particle of magnanimity to dignify the fall; his big words, and his 'tyrannical courses,' when he could no longer exult that 'he was upon his wings again,' sunk with him as he presented himself on his knees to the council-table. Among other assumptions, he had styled himself 'Lord Chief Justice of England,' when it was declared that this title was his own invention, since he was no more than of the King's Bench. His disgrace was a thunderbolt, which overthrew the haughty lawyer to the roots. When the *superbeus* was carried to him by Sir George Coppin, that gentleman was surprised on presenting it, to see that lofty 'spirit shrunk into a very narrow room, for Coke received it with dejection and tears.' The writer from whose letter I have copied these words adds, *O tremor et suspiria non cadunt in fortem et constantem*. The same writer incloses a panning distich: The name of our lord chief justice was in his day very provocative of the pun both in Latin and English; Cicero indeed had pre-occupied the miserable trifle.

*Jus condere Cocus potuit; sed condere jura Non potuit; potuit condere jura Cocus.*

Six years afterwards Coke was sent to the Tower, and then they punned against him in English. An unpublished letter of the day has this curious anecdote: the room in which he was lodged in the Tower had formerly been a kitchen; on his entrance the lord chief justice read upon the door 'This room wants a Cook!' They twitched the lion in the tolls which held him. Shenstone had some reason in thanking Heaven that his name was not susceptible of a pun. This time, however, Coke was 'on his wings;' for when Lord Arundel was sent by the king to the prisoner to inform him that he would be allowed 'Eight of the best learned in the law to advise him for his cause,' our great lawyer thanked the king, 'but he knew himself to be accounted to have as much skill in the law as any man in England, and therefore needed no such help, nor feared to be judged by the law.'

There are two excellent papers on Psalm-singing and Shenstone's Schoolmistress (to which we shall hereafter pay our respects) and two others on Neology, or word coining, and the philosophy of proverbs, which are equally delightful. From the last we select a few passages:

"In the Isle of Man a proverbial expression forcibly indicates the object constantly occupying the minds of the inhabitants. The two Deemsters or judges, when appointed to the chair of judgment, declare they will render justice between man and man 'as equally as the herring bone lies between the two sides.' An image which could not have occurred to any people unaccustomed to the herring-fishery. There is a Cornish proverb, 'Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock;'—the strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks; could not fail to impress on the imaginations of its inhabitants the two objects from whence they drew this salutary proverb against obstinate wrong-heads. . . .

"The philosophical antiquary may often discover how many a proverb commemorates an event which has escaped from the more

solemn monuments of history, and is often the solitary authority of its existence. A national event in Spanish history is preserved by a proverb. *Y vengar quinientos sueldos*; 'And revenge five hundred pounds!' An odd expression to denote a person being a gentleman! But the proverb is historical. The Spaniards of Old Castile were compelled to pay an annual tribute of five hundred maidens to their masters, the Moors; after several battles, the Spaniards succeeded in compromising the shameful tribute, by as many pieces of coin: at length the day arrived when they entirely emancipated themselves from this odious imposition. The heroic action was performed by men of distinction, and the event perpetuated in the recollections of the Spaniards, by this singular expression, which alludes to the dishonourable tribute, was applied to characterise all men of high honour, and devoted lovers of their country. —

"Among our own proverbs a remarkable incident has been commemorated; *Hand over head, as men took the Covenant!* This preserves the manner in which the Scotch covenant, so famous in our history, was violently taken by above sixty thousand persons about Edinburgh, in 1638; a circumstance at that time novel in our own revolutionary history, and afterwards paralleled by the French in voting by "acclamation." An ancient English proverb preserves a curious fact concerning our coinage. *Testers are gone to Oxford, to study at Brasen-nose.* When Henry the Eighth debased the silver coin, called *testers*, from their having a head stamped on each side; the brass, breaking out in red pimples on their silver faces, provoked the ill-humour of the people to vent itself in this punning proverb, which has preserved for the historical antiquary the popular feeling which lasted about fifty years, till Elizabeth reformed the state of the coinage. A northern proverb among us has preserved the remarkable idea which seems to have once been prevalent; that the metropolis of England was to be the city of York: *Lincoln was, London is, York shall be!* Whether at the time of the union of the crowns, under James the First, when England and Scotland became Great Britain, this city, from its central situation, was considered as the best adapted for the seat of government, or from some other cause which I have not discovered, this notion must have been prevalent to have entered into a proverb. The chief magistrate of York is the only provincial one who is allowed the title of Lord Mayor; a circumstance which seems connected with this proverb.

"The Italian history of its own small principalities, whose well-being so much depended on their prudence and sagacity, affords many instances of the timely use of a proverb. Many an intricate negotiation has been contracted through a good-humoured proverb;—many a sarcastic one has silenced an adversary; and sometimes they have been applied on more solemn, and even tragical occasions. When Rinaldo degli Albizzi was banished by the vigorous conduct of Cosmo de' Medici, Machiavel tells us, the expelled man sent Cosmo a menace, in a proverb, *La gallina covava!* 'The hen is brooding!' said of one meditating vengeance. The undaunted Cosmo replied by another, that 'There was no brooding out of the nest!'

"I give an example of peculiar interest; for it is perpetuated by Dante, and is connected with the character of Milton.

"When the families of the Amadei and the Uberti felt their honour wounded in the affront the younger Brondelmonte had put upon them, in breaking off his match with a young lady of their family, by marrying another, a council was held, and the death of the young cavalier was proposed as the sole atonement for their injured honour. But the consequences which they anticipated, and which afterwards proved so fatal to the Florentines, long suspended their decision. At length Mosca Lamberti suddenly rising, exclaimed, in two proverbs, that 'Those who considered every thing would never conclude on any thing!' closing with an ancient proverbial saying—*Cosa fatta capo ha!* 'A deed done has an end!' This proverb sealed the fatal determination, and was long held in mournful remembrance by the Tuscans; for, according to Villani, it was the cause and beginning of the accursed factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellins. Dante has immortalised the energetic expression in a scene of the 'Inferno.' —

"Of a person treacherously used, the Italian proverb says that he has eaten of *Le frutta di fratre Alberigo.*

The fruit of brother Alberigo.

Landino, on the following passage of Dante, preserves the tragic story:

— Io son fratre Alberigo,

Io son quel dalle frutta del mal orto

Che qui prendo, &c. — Canto xxxiii.

"The friar Alberigo," answered he,

"Am I, who from the evil garden pluck'd

Its fruitage, and am here repaid the date

More luscious for my fig." — *Cary's Dante.*

This was Manfred, the lord of Fuenza, who, after many cruelties, turned friar. Reconciling himself to those whom he had so often opposed, to celebrate the renewal of their friendship, he invited them to a magnificent entertainment. At the end of the dinner the horn blew to announce the dessert—but it was the signal of this dissimulating conspirator!—and the fruits which that day were served to his guests were armed men, who rushing in, immolated their victims.

"Among these historical proverbs none are more interesting than those which perpetuate national events, connected with those of another people. When a Frenchman would let us understand that he has settled with his creditors, the proverb is, *J'ai payé tous mes Anglois*: 'I have paid all my English.' This proverb originated when John, the French king, was taken prisoner by our Black Prince. Levies of money were made for the king's ransom, and for many French lords; and the French people have thus perpetuated the military glory of our nation, and their own idea of it, by making the English and their creditors synonymous terms. Another relates to the same event—*Ora le Pape est devenu François, et Jean Christ Anglais*: 'Now the Pope is become French and Jesus Christ English'; a proverb which arose when the Pope, exiled from Rome, held his court at Avignon in France; and the English prospered so well, that they possessed more than half the kingdom. The Spanish proverb concerning England is well known—

*Con todo el mundo guerra,*

*Y paz con Inglaterra!*

"War with the world,

And peace with England!"

Whether this proverb was one of the results of their memorable armada, and was only coined after their conviction of the splendid folly which they had committed, I cannot as-

certain. England must always have been a desirable ally to Spain against her potent rival and neighbour. The Italians have a proverb, which formerly, at least, was strongly indicative of the travelled Englishman in their country, *Inglese Italianato è un diavolo incarnato*: 'The Italianised Englishman is a devil incarnate.' Formerly there existed a closer intercourse between our country and Italy than with France. Before and during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, that land of the elegant arts modelled our taste and manners; and more Italians travelled into England, and were more constant residents, from commercial concerns, than afterwards when France assumed a higher rank in Europe by her political superiority. This cause will sufficiently account for the number of Italian proverbs relating to England, which show an intimacy with our manners which could not else have occurred. It was probably some sarcastic Italian, and, perhaps, horologist, who, to describe the disagreement of persons, proverbised our nation—'They agree like the clocks of London!' We were once better famed for merry Christmasses and their pies; and it must have been Italians who had been domiciliated with us who gave currency to the proverb—*Ha più da fare che i forni di natale in Inghilterra*: 'He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.' Our pie-loving gentry were notorious, and Shakespeare's folio was usually laid open in the great halls of our nobility to entertain their attendants, who devoured at once Shakespeare and their pasty. Some of those volumes have come down to us, not only with the stains, but enclosing even the identical pie-crusts of the Elizabethan age."

As we shall draw often on this fund for the entertainment of our readers, we have the less reluctance in closing here.

#### DOWNES' LETTERS FROM MECKLENBURG AND HOLSTEIN.

In introducing this agreeable volume to our readers last week, we left the author at Schwerin, describing its curiosities. Thus in the Palace, besides the pictures, he saw "Bow-strings from Turkey. This article was surreptitiously, and at great hazard, procured by a foreign resident at the Turkish Court. There are two separate strings,—the one of yellow, the other of crimson and green silk. The former is born to the victim as the herald of approaching strangulation; which is after an interval of a few minutes effected by two slaves, who enter with the latter."

But the following relates to a still more singular as well as more valuable part of the ducal treasures in art.

"My next visit was to the pasteboard manufactory, which is under the superintendence of Mr. L—, the artist, whose polite attention I have already mentioned. I was much surprised at finding several admirable imitations of bronze and marble—wrought of mere paper. Among these were the usual subjects of the statuary—such as the gladiator, the busts of Homer, Virgil, &c.—all executed in full size. I lifted a Medicean Venus, which seemed scarcely a pound in weight. There were also many trivial objects, such as vases, flower-pots, cattle, &c.—in their proper colours. Germany is indebted to the father of the reigning grand-duke for the introduction of this curious manufacture. While at Paris—about forty years since—he was so



much struck with some mouldings of picture frames, wrought of this material, that he made himself master of the art; upon which he possessed ingenuity sufficient to improve, and the application of which he extended so far that he may almost rank as the inventor. The mode of conducting the process is kept a profound secret. I purchased for two shillings what is ridiculously termed a bust of Christ, which I shall bring to Ireland—unless I meet with some revenue officer on the way scientific enough to deprive me of it."

Among the pictures in the Castle, which Mr. D. briefly but apparently with taste catalogues, we observe

"12. *A Vision*. RUBENS. One of the finest pieces in the entire collection. A female form, with the back to the spectator, stands over a sleeping youth, one of whose arms is admirably fore-shortened. Two old women are seen at the door of the apartment, which is half open, one of whom holds a candle. The shadow of a hand appearing on the door is excellent."

"17. *St. Peter*. KUPETZKY. The face really celestial."

"23. *The Story of Candaules and his Wife*. SCHALKER. This painting cost 4000 dollars, and was well worth the price. Different lights falling upon some armour, a gilt vase, and a marble figure, are imitatively managed." And it is added,

"Forty-five beads of the ducal family are connected with the fate of Denner. Before commencing the drapery, he went to visit a friend, who resided at some distance from Schwerin. Death intercepted his return, and the pictures have ever since continued unfinished."

"With an ill grace should I hereafter venture to open to me of legendary lore, were I to pass over in silence the portrait of the *Burg-Geist* ['Castle-Ghost'], as he is styled—a spiritual being, whose appearance and attributes reminded me of Bunbury's poem of 'The Little Grey Man,' the Flemish goulie, who 'sat munching a heart.' The Schwerin demon, hight *Petermünchen* ['Peter the Mannikin'], when he exhibits himself in red attire, announces good fortune: in grey he is the herald of disaster, or even death. Under this ill-omened garb he is represented in the picture. The countenance is surly, louring from under a hat, and the legs of stunted growth. The following pithy and emphatic words are inscribed upon the canvas:—*Quid s'ic?* There is another demon said to haunt the castle of Dabaran (a celebrated bathing-place, and favourite residence of the grand-duke), named *Vitzliputzli*. By what strange coincidence this North-German personage has acquired the name of the Mexican Mars (as recorded by the Spanish historian De Solis), it would be vain to conjecture."

"In addition to the specimens of which I have given this rambling account, I noticed several pieces by Dederick, remarkable for delicacy of tint; and three landscapes by Brenkel—each not more than a Mecklenburg inch (about an English barley-corn,) in height. Several productions of the Bruegels (Brueghels) also contribute to enrich this collection."

\* For these notices of the Fine Arts we feel indebted to the author, both for his matter and manner: not to break the thread of our review, we give as a note an extract from a subsequent letter:—"There is one mortification from which I suppose no travellers are exempt—that of dis-

The Museum at Schwerin is also rich in ethnological treasures—we may particularize,

"The heads of two deer locked together by the horns. The animals, having entangled their antlers in fighting, continued thus strangely united ever after."

"Several fragments of huge horns, found near Schwerin, and strongly resembling those of the moose-deer, which are dug up in the bogs of Ireland."

"An anatomical horse of lead, from Rome. The veterinary surgeons frequently visit this model, for the purpose of study."

"A perpetual motion, made at Dresden. This consists of an oblong frame of inclined planes, forming a continued channel. A ball, dismissed from the top, rolls down through the entire system, and is caught at the bottom by a hook or claw, which returns it to the original point of outset—and so on to infinitude."

covering, when too late, that they have missed the opportunity of seeing some interesting or curious object. It was not until my arrival at Schwerin that I heard of a famous picture in the church of Ludwigslust, representing heaven. It is 85 feet high, and contains about 40 figures. It was painted by Fendoff, an artist of Schwerin."

† Similar rarities are to be seen in Dr. Röding's collection at Hamburg, where our author mentions

"A whalebone wig. Such are frequently worn by ship-captains."

"A pair of gloves, formed of the silk woven by the *Spin-Muschel* ['Spinning Muscle.']"

"A sort of fish not thicker than a sheet of paper."

"A figure in wood: made by Albert Durer, and capable of imitating all the gestures of the human body."

"Ten dozen of silver spoons in a cherry-stone."

"Fifteen dozen of silver spoons in the kernel of an apple."

"A pipe, with a sermon written on the inside of the bowl, by John Gottfried Honk."

"The halberd of the Czar Peter: a fearful weapon."

(To be continued.)

#### FINE ARTS.

##### DAVID'S CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.

ONE of the greatest productions of Art ever exhibited in London—if greatness in Art consists with the size of canvas—is now to be seen in Pall Mall East. This picture represents the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine as Emperor and Empress of France; and the advertisements state that it is not only the masterpiece of "the celebrated David," but the chef-d'œuvre of the French School. Believing this, for who can doubt such authority, we shall take pains to inform those who are miserable enough not to have it in their power to spend a shilling on the show, (and another on the catalogue, which does not describe the painting) what sort of a thing this Great Work is. It is, *imprimis*, 33 feet long and 21 feet high, and consequently the largest picture ever painted, to the best of the Exhibitor's knowledge and belief; but if he should be mistaken, there is a club foot of M. Talleyrand's at one corner, which may be added to the measure. "Two hundred full-length portraits of the most celebrated Personages of the Imperial Court" are also to be seen here, from the pencil of the "celebrated David." [Advertisement.] We have heard that the celebrated David was a stern Republican. His memorable vote for the death of Louis XVI., and his apotheosis of Lepelletier in 1793, with

"*Je vote pour la mort du Tyrann*," and a crown of immortality over the dying patriot's bed, certainly countenance this supposition; but a work 33 feet by 21 is a more decisive testimony on the other side, and we unhesitatingly clap down the celebrated David for a lover of monarchy.\* Still, however, we suspect that a leaven of the Republican lurked at the bottom of his breast, mingled with the colour patches on his easel, and gave his brushes a bit of a twist. Never, in a Coronation scene, did we see such vile countenances, such dingy colouring, such desperate drawing! With the exception of half a dozen heads, and these not the most admirable, the portraiture is worthy of the sign-posts: indeed, there is a Greek Patriarch very like the Saracen on Snow Hill, the Pope himself resembles The Bishop and Mitre (a popular bush to good beer and wine when the church was more venerated than now-a-days,) Murat, and other jewel-bearers, put one in mind of the Jolly Ringers, and Buonaparte himself of Tumble-down Dick. The Beauties of the Imperial Court, all of a row, are as sallow and formal as the Three (weatherbeaten) Nuns of Whitechapel; and the Marshals and Monks are almost as good as our British Grenadiers, Admiral Keppels, Hawkes, &c. &c. at the ale-houses along the public roads and highways. The galleries and distance in every part of the canvas present visages of the most grotesque and shadowy dunsbury. We are sure the artist must have meant to caricature courtiers. And the women are so shamefully ugly: where was the gallantry of a Frenchman when such execrable jades were painted, with goggle eyes, saffron cheeks, unmeaning mouths, and features all forlorn and unhuman. Josephine, kneeling, has a pretty simple head, and her tail beats any Celt's at the late Royal visit to Edinburgh, and is as well executed as robes and ermines could be done. The principal figure is at once mean and theatrical. His costume is, we suppose, correct, but its pictorial effect is wretched; and his position, both in limbs and arms, in the worst possible style. He is, or rather was, intended to be stepping forward, if his hind leg had not objected to the posture; and his arms are stretched above his head, most gracelessly holding a crown. The attitude is bad, and the meanness of the figure inexcusable. We have always understood that Napoleon could assume a dignified air; if he could, it should have been visible here;—if he could not, the skill of a painter ought to have managed to give some appearance of it, consistently too with the truth of nature. The Pope's countenance is pretty well; and some Cardinals, &c. near him contrast tolerably in the forms of jovial butchers. Upon the whole, as a dingy, ill-coloured, ill-con-

\* Against this our opinion, we are aware that his Speech to the National Convention, under the presidency of Jean de Bry, when he exhibited the picture of Lepelletier, may be cited—it was certainly strongly expressed.

"Les occasions ne manquent point aux grandes âmes: si jamais, par exemple, un ambassadeur vous parlait d'un dictateur, d'un tribun, d'un régulateur, ou tentait d'usurper la plus légère portion de la souveraineté du peuple, ou bien qu'un lâche osât vous proposer un roi, combattre ou mourir plutôt, comme Michel-Lepelletier, que d'y jamais consentir...."  
Instead of fighting or dying like his friend Michel, our worthy painter accepted every decoration royalty could bestow, and has immortalized his apostasy by the immortal picture which you may see for a shilling!

trived waste of paint and canvas, we have never seen so really Great a Work as that of the celebrated David. In no other sense can it be called great; and if it be what it asserts, a chef-d'œuvre of the French School, the artists of Britain have indeed cause to be proud of their inexcusable advance beyond the progress of their gulfic competitors.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Sir*.—The following Song, with the exception of the two last stanzas, was written some time ago. I was induced to complete it by seeing Mr. Campbell's 'Song of the Greeks,' in the New Monthly Magazine. It is always becoming in a Poet to side with the oppressed, and I am happy to concur with Mr. Campbell in this instance, and to throw my mite into the same scale with his poetical tribute.

#### A WAR SONG.

Are the white snows which crown thy hills un-  
trodden,—

Are thy sons valiant still,—thy daughters pure,  
Ceraunia?—or hath War, which makes the world  
Blush in its blood, stained all thy hills and valleys?  
Awake! The Turk is coming: from his den  
Where he once slept, lustful, intemperate,  
He comes mad as the sea, and blind with hate.  
Awake! Bare all your weapons, till their light  
Dazzles the sky, now sick with coming woe.  
Awake! The Turk is on your heart. Awake!

#### SONG.

I.  
Awake! 'tis the terror of war:  
The Crescent is tossed in the wind;  
But our flag flies on high like the perilous star  
Of the battle. Before and behind,  
Wherever it glitters, it darts  
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

II.  
Who are they that now bid us be slaves?  
They are foes to the good and the free:  
Go bid 'em first fetter the might of the waves;  
The Sea may be conquered;—but we  
Have spirits untameable still,  
And the strength to be free,—and the will.

III.  
The Helots are come: in their eyes  
Proud hate and fierce massacre burn,  
They hate us; but shall they despise?  
They are come;—Shall they ever return?  
O God of the Greeks! from thy throne  
Look down, and we'll conquer alone.

IV.  
The world has deserted our need:  
The eagle is prey to the hound;—  
It may be; but first we will battle and bleed,  
And when we have crimsoned the ground,  
We'll shout at the slaves of the earth,  
And die;—'tis the chance of our birth.

V.  
Our fathers,—each man was a god,  
His will was a law, and the sound  
Of his voice, like a spirit's was worshipped: he trod,  
And thousands fell worshippers round:  
From the gates of the West to the Sun  
He bade, and his bidding was done.

VI.  
And We—shall we die in our chains,  
Who once were as free as the wind?  
Who is it that threatens,—who is it arraigns?  
Are they princes of Europe or Ind?  
Are they kings to the uttermost pole?  
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul.

VII.  
Away!—Though our glory has fled  
For a time, and Thermopylae's past;  
Let us write a new name in the blood of our dead,  
And again be as free as the blast.  
The lion, he reigns as of yore:  
Shall the Greek be a slave, and no more?

VIII.  
Away! for the fight may be ended  
Before you arrive at your fame.  
Your fathers the land and their dwellings defended,  
And left them to you,—with a name,  
Oh! keep it: it sounds like a charm:  
It will guard you from terror, from harm.

IX.  
For our life,—it is nothing,—a span:  
'Tis the body, and Fame is the heart.—  
Is there one who rejects the bright lot of a man?  
Let him be the last to depart:  
Let him die on his pillow, a slave,—  
For us, WE have conquered the grave. C.

#### FRAGMENTS IN RHYME.

##### VI.—The Painter's Love.

Your skies are blue, your sun is bright;  
But sky nor sun have that sweet light  
Which gleamed upon the summer sky  
Of my own lovely Italy!  
'Tis long since I have breathed the air,  
Which, filled with odours, floated there,—  
Sometimes in sleep a gale sweeps by,  
Rich with the rose and myrtle's sigh;—  
'Tis long since I have seen the vine  
With Autumn's topaz clusters shine;  
And watched the laden branches bending,  
And heard the vintage songs ascending;  
'Tis very long since I have seen  
The ivy's death-wreath, cold and green,  
Hung round the old and broken stone  
Raised by the hands now dead and gone!  
I do remember one lone spot,  
By most unnoticed or forgot—  
Would that I too recalled it not!  
It was a little temple, gray,  
With half its pillars worn away,  
No roof left, but one cypress tree  
Flinging its branches mournfully.  
In ancient days, this was a shrine  
For Goddess or for Nymph divine;  
And sometimes I have dreamed I heard  
A step soft as a lover's word,  
And caught a perfume on the air,  
And saw a shadow gliding fair,  
Dim, sad as if it came to sigh  
O'er thoughts, and things, and time pass'd by!  
On one side of the temple stood  
A deep and solitary wood,  
Where chestnuts reared their giant length,  
And mocked the fallen columns' strength;  
It was the lone wood-pigeon's home,  
And flocks of them would oftentimes come,  
And, lighting on the temple, pour  
A cooling dirge to days no more!  
And by its side there was a lake,  
With only snow-white swans to break,  
With ebon feet and silver wing.  
The quiet waters' glittering  
And when sometimes, as eve closed in,  
I waked my lonely mandolin,  
The gentle birds came gliding near,  
As if they loved that song to hear.

'Tis past, 'tis past; my happiness  
Was all too pure and passionless!  
I waked from calm and pleasant dreams  
To watch the morning's earliest gleams,  
Wandering with light feet 'mid the dew,  
'Till my cheek caught its rosy hue;

And when uprose the bright-eyed moon,  
I sorrowed, day was done so soon;  
Save that I loved the sweet starlight,  
The soft, the happy sleep of night!  
Time has changed since, and I have wept  
The day away; and when I slept,  
My sleeping eyes ceased not their tears;  
And jealousies, griefs, hopes, and fears  
Even in slumber held their reign,  
And gnawed my heart, and racked my brain!  
Oh much,—most withering 'tis to feel  
The hours like guilty creatures steal,  
To wish the weary day was past,  
And yet to have no hope at last!  
All's in that curse, aught else above  
That fell on me—betrayed love!  
There was a Stranger sought our land,  
A youth, who with a painter's hand  
Traced our sweet valleys and our vines,  
The moonlight on the ruined shrines,  
And now and then the brow of pearl  
And black eyes of the peasant girl  
We met and loved—ah, even now  
My pulse throbs to recall that vow!  
Our first kiss sealed, we stood beneath  
The cypress tree's funeral wreath,  
That temple's roof. But what thought I  
Of aught like evil augury!  
I only felt his burning sighs,  
I only looked within his eyes,  
I saw no doom star above,  
There is such happiness in love!  
I left, with him, my native shore,  
Not as a bride who passes o'er  
Her father's threshold with his blessing,  
With flowers strewn and friends caring,  
Kind words, and purest hopes to cheer  
The bashfulness of maiden fear;  
But I—fed as culprits fly,  
By night, watched only by one eye  
Whose look was all the world to me,  
And it met mine so tenderly,  
I thought not of the days to come,  
I thought not of my own sweet home,  
Nor of mine aged father's sorrow,—  
Wild love takes no thought for to-morrow.  
I left my home, and I was left  
A stranger in his land, bereft  
Of even hope; there was not one  
Familiar face to look upon.—  
Their speech was strange. This penalty  
Was met; but surely not from thee,  
False love—'twas not for thee to break  
The heart but sullied for thy sake!—  
I could have wished once more to see  
Thy green hills, loveliest Italy!  
I could have wished yet to have hung  
Upon the music of thy tongue;  
I could have wished thy flowers to bloom—  
Thy cypress planted by my tomb!  
This wish is vain, my grave must be  
Far distant from my own country!  
I must rest here—Oh lay me then  
By the white church in yonder glen;  
Amid the darkening elms, it seems,  
Thus silvered over by the beams  
Of the pale moon, a very shrine  
For wounded hearts—it shall be mine!  
There is one corner, green and lone,  
A dark yew over it has thrown  
Long, night-like boughs; 'tis thickly set  
With primrose and with violet.  
Their bloom's a now past; but in the spring  
They will be sweet and glistening.  
There is a bird, too, of your clime,  
That sings there in the winter time,  
My funeral hymn his song will be,  
Which there are none to chant, save he:



And let there be memorial none,  
No name upon the cold white stone:  
The only hearth where I would be  
Remembered, is now dead to me!  
I would not even have him weep  
O'er his Italian Love's last sleep.  
Oh, tears are a most worthless token  
When hearts they would have soothed are  
broken! L. E. L.

#### THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,  
And one by one the waning beauties fled;  
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,  
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.  
And I—a melancholy, single man—  
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.—  
I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran  
The sylph-like image of my blushing Kate.  
I dreamt of mutual love and Hymen's joys,  
Of happy moments and connubial blisses,  
And then I thought of little girls and boys,  
The mother's glances and the infant's kisses.  
I saw them all, in sweet perspective, sitting  
In winter's eve around a blazing fire,  
The children playing and the mother knitting,  
Or fondly gazing on the happy Sire.  
The scene was changed.—In came the Baker's bill:  
I stared to see the hideous consummation  
Of pies and puddings, that it took to fill  
The bellies of the rising generation.  
There was no end to eating—legs of mutton  
Were vanquished daily by this little host;  
To see them, you'd have thought each tiny glutton  
Had laid a wager who could eat the most.  
The mazy pudding smoked upon the platter,  
The pond'rous sirloin rear'd its head in vain,  
The little urchins kick'd up such a clatter,  
That scarce a remnant e'er appeared again.  
Then came the School bill: Board and Education  
So much per annum; but the extras mounted  
To nearly twice the primal stipulation,  
And every little bagatelle was counted:  
To mending tucks.—A new Homer's Iliad.—  
A pane of glass.—Repairing coat and breeches.—  
A slate and pencil.—Binding old Virgilus.—  
Drawing a tooth.—An opening draft and leeches.  
And now I languished for the single state,  
The social glass, the horse and chaise on Sunday,  
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,  
And cursed again the weekly bills of Monday.  
Here Kate began to scold,—I stamp and swore,  
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream;  
And thus awaking with the wild uproar,  
I think'd my stars that it was but a dream.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### WINE AND WALNUTS.

Chap. XXI.—A FRIENDLY CALL UPON STEELE.

Who that has not heard of the far-famed  
Kit-Cat Club? And who that wanders o'er  
The rural ups and downs, and ins and outs of  
Hampstead, has not heard of the Flask Ta-  
vern, once of mighty note? Here did these  
worthies of the Kit-Cat In summer time  
resort and hold their memorable feasts.  
Among my Uncle's scraps, how many re-  
cords of these long-forgotten parties might  
be picked out and worked into pretty tales.  
I have often heard him tell, that when the  
illustrious Club were expected, the young  
people, particularly the ladies, used to be  
seen in groups perambulating the heath in  
the neighbourhood of the Tavern, to see the

distinguished Club arrive, and how the whis-  
per passed from one to another—"That is  
the Spectator (Sir Richard Steele;) that is  
Mr. Addison; and there, that is Mister  
Pope." The young ladies were wont to  
curtsy, and the young gentlemen to take off  
their hats, as though the Royal Family had  
arrived. "The pretty Sylphs!" said Pope, as  
he went to the window on entering the Flask  
to have another glance at the sweet Misses.  
The ladies' schools too were usually gratified  
by an hour's promenade on these occasions.  
"Ah!" said Pope, "these fine forms and  
beauteous complexions are the healthful at-  
tributes of breathing the pure atmosphere of  
a hill—Is it not so, my worthy Hippocrates?"  
breathing himself with difficulty as he waited  
the answer.

"Why," said the Doctor, with his grave  
manner of drolling, "it may be so with these  
youthful indigenous plants, Heaven bless  
them! But as it affects you and I, my dear  
Sandy," shaking his head, and coughing, "we  
are no mountain plants. These lofty regions  
may paint very prettily in poetry; but if  
Parnassus were even no higher than this, I  
should be for taking Pegasus out of the stable,  
and riding him gently down hill into the low  
lands of Bloomsbury."

Mister Aaron Hill, whom I remember to  
have seen at the door of the Rainbow when  
I was a very young man, related to my  
Great-Uncle the particulars of a very agree-  
able, indeed delightful day spent at the  
Flask Tavern on one of these extra club-  
meetings, when some were invited who were  
not Members; and the good old man used  
to take pleasure in its recollection even to the  
last, which was at a remote period from the  
time he met that amiable Poet.

"Mister Pope," said he, "used to call on  
the Doctor in Dover-street, which was, as  
you know, hard by Burlington House; and  
sometimes the Doctor took a seat in his  
chariot, and sometimes Mister Pope rode in  
his, just as it happened. But it was a rule  
with each to take his carriage, not out of  
ostentation, but from the friendly motive of  
giving any member or visitor, who was not  
provided with a conveyance, a lift to Town.  
On this day, Sir," said Mister Aaron Hill,  
"I had the honour to ride with the Poet, and  
Jervas the painter rode with the Doctor.  
Sir, as we came to the Adam and Eve we  
overtook old Tom D'Urfey, who was with the  
Duke of Montagu, going to see a fight be-  
tween Fig and some other gladiator—Stokes  
I think it was; and his Grace endeavoured  
to prevail on Mister Pope to go in and see  
the nature of the sight. Pope, Sir, was  
shocked.

"It is expected that there will be capital  
sport to-day," said his Grace. "There will  
be a match between two female boxers; and  
if your curiosity would lead you to desire to  
see the personification of the ancient Furies,  
(not actually classic,) you may be gratified.  
I have violently affronted one of the ladies,"  
added his Grace; "for one, a most ferocious  
looking —, who was stripping for the com-  
bat, had a dog with her, who was also to fight,  
and he had a muzzle on. So, unfortunately,  
I asked in the hearing of the she-devil, why  
she was not muzzled. Faith, I thought the  
fury would have set upon me; but one of the  
fighting fraternity—a Dustman, and particu-  
lar acquaintance of mine," said the gay Duke  
—"it is well to have friends in all quarters,"  
Mister Pope—he interfered, saying, 'D—n  
it, Spanish Nan, his Honour's a nobleman

and a friend of ours. His Grace is only in  
fun, Nan!"

"I don't wish to be laying my gripe on  
his Grace," said Nan, scowling; "only a  
woman's a woman, you see, and as such en-  
titled to some decency. If one of my own  
sex had said as much I'd have just punch'd  
her eye out!"

"Mister Pope, to humour the Duke, went  
as far as the lobby of the Amphitheatre, and  
saw this woman and the dog. She asked him  
for something to drink his health, and he  
gave her half a crown.—Not in charity, but  
in fear," said the great Poet; "for the sight  
of the hideous fiend made my blood run cold."  
We had no sooner bowed to the Duke, and  
thanked him for his polite attentions, than  
Mister Pope, with a look and manner which  
I shall never forget," said Aaron Hill, "ex-  
claimed.—'And can a being like that we have  
just seen have a human soul! Why, the very  
dog is contaminated—cur'd by her society.  
Yes, Doctor, the dog has, like a child, con-  
tracted the look of its hideous nurse; and  
although the most hellish of the canine breed  
that I have yet seen, yet bears by far the  
better countenance of the two. Now can I  
figure what hell may be, tenanted by fiends  
like these. The wicked may conjugate here  
to become worse; but surely the feeling  
need not see these wretches, to reform, and  
here acquire at once an abhorrence of earthly  
vice. Such an infernal crew imagination  
could not paint!"

"This is very shocking, Doctor," said  
Pope, putting his head out of the chariot  
window, as Arbuthnot's coach passed us, for  
Pope chose to ride behind.—"Very shocking,  
Doctor!"

"Shocking!" replied the Doctor, (thrust-  
ing his head out to answer,) who was always  
full of his vagaries—"Shocking, my dear  
Sandy—I'll be d— if it is not beautiful!"  
and off he drove.

"Pope could not help smiling at this.  
'How like the man!' said he—How like the  
Dean too: You never can get them into a  
serious mood. Beautiful!—Ha—ha—ha!  
Beautiful!' repeating the word a dozen times  
at least, until his eyes watered. 'Who, in  
the name of God, can understand these un-  
accountable men! We may go on a thousand  
years and never meet with their like. Beauti-  
ful!—Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!"

"Sir, we had just passed Mother Red-cap's,  
when Arbuthnot's coachman drew up, and  
took in the very man just mentioned—un-  
less than the Dean himself. The Doctor's  
chariot was an hundred yards before ours,  
when Mister Pope hastened his coachman to  
join. We knew Doctor Swift's figure at that  
distance. As soon as we were abreast of the  
Doctor's vehicle, Swift put his head out, and  
without regarding our salutation of 'How  
d'ye do, Mister Dean?' called out, 'Two to  
one to your shilling, Pope!"

"I am yours, Sir," replied Pope.—  
"Done!" really not daring to interrupt the  
Dean, whose humour he knew full well, by  
an enquiry of what the wager might be about.  
"How d'ye do, friend A-a-ron?" lengthen-  
ing the word.—"Wilt thou join in the wager?"  
—"With great pleasure, Mister Dean," said  
I. "Ah, that will be a comfort to Pope,"  
said he. "Friend Alek is sixpence richer in  
apprehension than two seconds since!" "But  
what is the subject of the wager?" said Pope,  
who now thought it reasonable and expedient  
to know.

"Go look!" replied Swift, putting up the glass, and off they drove.

"If I was not intimately acquainted with that wonderful man," said Pope, "I should declare he was bereft of his wits. Now I cannot divine what he is about; perhaps I shall not discover for a week to come. But one must bear with his humour." When the Doctor's chariot stopped at the bottom of Haverstock Hill, and Doctor Swift threw in a card, on which was written in pencil, *Two to one Sir Dicky Dawdle is not ready*; accompanying the communication with one of the most expressive smiles that ever lighted the countenance of man. "Well, what say you, Sirs?" Pope shook his head, raised his hands and smiled.

"Your shilling's not worth a groat," said Swift. "*Suave est magno, tollere acerbo.*"

"What are you going to call on Sir Richard Steele?" said Aaron Hill. "We are," said Pope; "and as the Dean says, I have lost my wager, that's certain."

"The chariots drew up to Sir Richard's front gate, and we alighted. 'Is your master at home?' said the Dean. 'I don't know—I'll see—I'll enquire,' said the man hesitatingly.

"I don't know—I'll see—I'll enquire," echoed Swift. "What, man, do you mean? Do you dare to take me for a bumpkin? Does that venerable gentleman," (pointing at Doctor Arbuthnot) "does he look like Doctor Richard Roe?" biting his lips and knitting his brow; "or he," (pointing to Pope) "like Mister John Doe? Or does that portly, courtly-looking gentleman bear the appearance of a journeyman catch-pole, you stammering blockhead! I ask you in the vulgar tongue, Is—your—master—Sir—Richard—Steele—at—home?"

"Yes—no—that is I will enquire—he may, or he may not, Sir. Upon my word, Sir, you take me at a non-plush."

"Non-plush—humph! Well then, Mister Non-plush, do you," taking out his card, and collecting ours—"do you, Mister Non-plush, or Non-blush, for you have rubbed your face with the brass pestle this morning betimes—do you take these to your master. Non-plush! pox take the man, what next, your worships!"

"Show the gentleman up," said Sir Richard from the top of the stairs. "Ah, my dear Dean!—What my worthy Doctor!—Mister Pope, I am rejoiced to see you—what, that is kind—Aye, and Mister Aaron Hill too! But hey, what brought you so soon? though I am the more obliged. A fine day this. I should presume there will be a pretty full meeting to-day."

"What brought you so soon! Zounds!" said Swift. "Why, man, dost know the time o' day? Soon, forsooth!"

"Time?" replied Steele, in a sort of reverie—"No, not exactly," going to the fire-place to look at his watch, which as it proved had not been wound up the preceding night—"No, not ex—ex—when opening the case-ment, he called, 'Hallo, you carter!' to a fellow driving a load of manure up the hill—'Pray what's the time o' day?'"

"Time?" said the fellow, who happened to be a wag—"Time for you to get shaved. Dostn't ye know the dinner be waiting, hey, Master Spectator?"

"Ha—ha—ha! Here, stop, my friend," said the Dean—"stop, here's a shilling for you. Whip the fellow, he deserves a prize for his roguery." The carter stood, not know-

ing what to make of it; when the Dean said, "Come, Sandy, down with your silver—you see I have won;" when Mister Pope, smiling, paid the Dean, who, after exchanging two or three jokes with the countryman, threw the shilling to him, who, dexterously catching it in his hat, carried on the humour by wishing the *larned* gentlemen all a good stomach for the dainty guttling match.

"Deuce take it!" said Sir Richard, sorting his papers, which appeared all confusion—all out of sort like himself—"Deuce take it! Here am I knowing not how the world wags—insulated from mankind. Here, you Sir!" calling to his man, "go and enquire the hour; and hark ye, bring a barber in your hand. God bless you, Sir," said he to the Dean, not yet awakened from his reverie, "I am obliged to send half a mile to know what it is o'clock!"

"The man, no conjuror it should seem, was going to make the enquiry, when the Dean calling from the window, 'Here, you Sir!' and holding his watch, desired Pope, Arbuthnot, and myself to do the like, bid the man come up. 'Now,' said he, 'look, tell your master the time of day.'—'Five minutes past three, Sir,' said the man. 'Yes,' said the Dean, 'I dare say you are not a little surprised to find that we four bum-bailiffs had so many gold watches among us. Fie, fie, Sir Richard! how can you, who set up for a corrector of morals, teach that looby to tell lies?'"

"I—who—what? I teach him falsehoods? I do not understand you, my reverend friend."

"Why, Dick, how can you be so wanting in grace?" replied the Dean. "Your man, with a face of brass, told us he did not know whether you were at home, or whether you were not."

"Pho, pho, my dear Dean, that is no lie!" said Steele with gaiety—"Every gentleman understands that."

"That may be," retorted Swift very dryly; then assuming a severe manner—"But, Master Steele, he is no gentleman that puts it in practice. 'Tis an excuse for idleness, for want of system, for want of virtue, for want, moreover of that, which all you scribbling moralists stand in need of—Shall I tell you what?"

"Yes, my friend," said Steele, with the utmost humility amidst this ungentle admonition—good-tempered soul!

"Common decency," said Swift. "Sir, your studios men are a set of selfish coxcombs, who think, forsooth, because they have a sprinkling more of wit than their neighbours, every good man's convenience is to give place to theirs. Is it not so, Arbuthnot?"

"Yea, verily is it!" answered the Doctor with malicious waggery, to make the matter worse. "I do think your scribbling moralists are the most immoral dogs—yea, from Grubstreet all the way to Twickenham!" Pope smiled, and bowed.

"Thank you, Doctor," said Swift, maintaining his gravity. "He, the scape-grace, who disregards his engagements, is a selfish wretch; such a one yields not another his due: Ergo, he is cater-cousin to a thief. Now add to this the other crime! Ont upon it, Sir Dicky Dawdle! Take physic of the Doctor here, and repent ye, or he and Pope, and that other virtuous man besides myself, must turn our backs upon you, friend Richard, and hold no more *tattle* with the moralizing TATTLER." Then suddenly changing his coun-

tenance, and casting his eye over the confusion of Sir Richard's papers, he enquired, "Well, what art about? What's on the anvil now, hey, Dick? What brought you out here in this cut-throat region? I could not go to bed here with that Papish hill there as my back-door neighbour—Would you, Sandy?" looking significantly at Pope. "Dick, dost never see the ghost of old Sir Edmonbury Godfrey in the witching time of night?"

"What brought me here?" said poor Steele with a heavy sigh, folding his arms, and smiling in sadness; "Alas! '*Tirer le diable par la queue!*'"

"I'll tell you what, friend Richard," said the Dean, gravely shaking his head, "*Dun-dodger* thou hast been too long; better play no longer at *Devil-dodging*, or the Old Serpent, perchance may lay hold of you by the tail!"

## LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 27, 1822.

NINE thousand francs have been given to M. Joumet for his two tragedies, *Saül* and *Clytemnestre*. Ponthieu, the bookseller, is the purchaser. *Clytemnestre* reads exceedingly well; the style is pure and brilliant, and the characters, with some exception, are strongly marked and have a sort of antique colouring. There is, unfortunately, a certain confusion in the arrangement of the whole. *Saül* is dreadfully inferior: the conception of this piece is altogether absurd. The interest of the spectator is entirely directed towards *Saül*, and the king does nothing but blaspheme. A dozen representations will probably be the extent of the run of this strange production; which contains, however, some very fine passages: for instance, the prayer of David for the unhappy *Saül* is beautiful; you will judge by the following verses:

Seigneur, viens séparer le pêcheur de son crime;  
Asses de ce géant tu courbas la hauteur;

Tu frappas le triomphateur,  
Relève, ô mon Dieu, la victime;  
Elle a crié vers toi du fond de ses douleurs.  
Même en nous punissant tu nous chéris encore.  
Lève toi sur *Saül* comme une douce aurore  
Et dis lui j'ai compté tes pleurs.

Que son âme renouvelée  
Du fond des tombeaux rappelée,  
Se réveille en ton sein pour des jours de bonheur.  
Grâce, Dieu tout puissant, que nos larmes l'obtiennent;

La colombe a besoin des aires que la soutiennent.  
Notre âme a besoin du Seigneur.

Love and Ambition, the new comedy in five acts, by M. Riboutté, has obtained what we call *un succès d'amis*. M. Riboutté, you must know, possesses a large fortune, and only works for the theatre as an *amateur*. The wags say, that on 'Change he passes for a first-rate writer, and at the theatre for a most lucky speculator. He wrote some time since *L'Assemblée de Famille*, which was most enthusiastically applauded; but, unfortunately, it was discovered that the wealthy author had bought almost all the tickets on the first performance, and had distributed them among his friends. Anxious to render his success complete, he endeavoured to secure the press, and especially the suffrages of *Geoffroy*; and accordingly made him a present of a superb tureen in silver, surmounted by a phoenix spreading its wings. Alas! the article of an unamiable journalist began with these words: "A good comedy is now-a-days a *must rare bird*, and M. Riboutté has just produced a *chef-d'œuvre*." *L'amour et l'Ambition* has con-



firmed the public in the opinion, that M. R. would do well to content himself with *figuring well at the bourse*.

It seems that the misunderstanding between Talma and the Government is accommodated. Talma sets out for Brussels on the 5th of December; he is to pass three months there and then to return to Paris. Each year he is to pass three months at Brussels, on an engagement with the King of Holland, who has promised him 40,000 francs per season, and a pension of 8,000 from the period of retirement from public life.

*Valentine de Milan*, a new opera by M. Bouilly, the music posthumous, by M. Méhul, is to be performed to-morrow. I was present at the rehearsal; the music is very beautiful, but the poem very feeble. All the composers paid a tribute of respect to the memory of M. Méhul, by attending this rehearsal in full mourning.

*Le Corrupteur*, a comedy in verse, by M. Lemercier, has been performed at the second Théâtre Français, and gave rise to a partial engagement among the critics.

The Calémourg Makers announce that the Archers are in pursuit of the celebrated Lafont, with orders to bring him back *au violon*.

The fifth volume of the *Rôdeur Français*, ou *les Meurs du jour*, has appeared. M. de Rougemont has taken M. de Jouy for his model, and his *Rôdeur* is worthy to appear by the side of the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*. There are in this volume two beautiful stories. *L'Écailleuse*, et *Jeanne ou la paysanne de Gournay*. The satires are just, and the portraits striking. The original of the following sketch is known by every body.

"There are some people so happily formed, that they disguise to themselves, most completely, the disagreeables and degradations of their own situation. I knew one of the Emperor Napoleon's Chambelans, who boasted continually of his independence, and at the same time related all the proofs of his slavery. 'I know no situation so independent as mine,' said he, 'I have 100,000 livres de rentes, and never was property more free or more secure. The Emperor desired to have me at his court; I might have refused, but as I am independent I accepted. Others would have asked for places, prefectures, embassies, &c.: I love liberty, and took a brevet of chamberlain—nothing to do and free. Oh! *par exemple*, nobody in the world is so free: at six o'clock in the morning, my carriage takes me to the Tuilleries; but I love to rise early, it does me good—I breathe the pure morning air. We remain there in an anti-chamber till his Majesty calls us. We talk, joke, laugh—conversation is one of my greatest enjoyments. It is sometimes eleven when they ring for breakfast, and often one has not an idea how the time has passed; it passes so quickly when one is pleased. We are about ten minutes at table,—that suits me exactly, for I like to eat fast. After breakfast we return to our post. Two o'clock strikes, we follow the Emperor to the council: thank God, we do not enter, for with my independent spirit I could not endure politics. Towards five I leave the *châteaux* (if I have no particular duty) and dine at my hotel, for I cannot bear to be confined; only I return to the chateau, to accompany the Emperor to his box at the *Spectacle*. We stand generally,—and I like that much—one is more at one's ease, and can see the actors better. The Emperor returns—I accompany him,—but in my carriage, which waits for me at the gate of the chateau till the Emperor goes to bed, which is never later than two in

the morning. Some persons would be incommoded by this; but I like it: since I have been chamberlain I have been accustomed to sit up late, and I find it agrees with me remarkably. In a word, an independent man does as he chooses, and only accepts places that are agreeable. When I think of those poor devils of ministers who are forced to work seven or eight hours a day—to give public audiences twice or thrice a month, how I congratulate myself on my ease, and applaud myself for my love of independence, and the care I have taken to preserve my liberty!"

#### THE DRAMA.

**DRURY LANE.**—On Friday, Mr. Young and Mr. Kean sustained the characters of Pierre and Jaffier. The performances were chiefly distinguished by the vigour and animation thrown by the former into his part. The stimulus of competition warmed it into superior life, and the unbounded applause of the audience testified their feeling of the improvement. It is physically impossible that actors should always be in the same tone and spirits for their labours; but it is clearly to be seen that when they do exert themselves, they can often make a poor part good, and, always, a good part better than their usual style. It is thus that full Houses have an influence in producing fine acting; and that when the King, for instance, visits a Theatre, we are sure to see the play go off with unexampled éclat: and from all these things we gather that those who live to please, are not invariably most anxious to please to live. Jaffier is not suited to Mr. Kean.

On Saturday, the lovers of Music had a great treat in the Opera of Guy Mannering, or rather in the vocal introductions with which the superb organ of Braham enriched it. With respect to that which deserves no respect—the acting, it was 'throughout very indifferent. A Mr. Rayner, from York, took the part of Dandie Dinmont, and though possessed of considerable abilities, he only proved to us, by acting a *Yorkshireman* rather than the Cumberland yeoman, how much our poor old "York was wanted." Mr. Harley was not at home in the Dominie; nor was Mrs. Glover, though good, the best of Meg Merrilies. Miss Povey sang most sweetly, and Mrs. Austin did not lose ground—in the two lady-parts. A new Divertissement, called *The Halt of the Caravan*, very pleasantly filled up the time between Opera and Farce. The frame is well adapted to the exhibition of variety and character, as the pilgrims of several countries practise their national dances during the Halt; and of this opportunity Mr. D'Egville has made so excellent a use, that his Caravan is not likely to halt till it happily reaches the object of its travel.

On Tuesday, Miss Clara Fisher astonished the natives in the *Spotted Child*. Mr. Colman has written a letter disclaiming an imputation thrown upon him in some of the newspapers, of being engaged in writing a piece, or pieces, for her peculiar exhibition. He protests that he is not, nor ever intended, to be so employed, for "this precocious little lady;" and we dare say that all who estimate as they ought the talents, the good sense, and the feelings of dramatic propriety, as well as of what was due to the personal consideration of Mr. Colman, will acquit him of the charge. It is announced in the Bills,

that Miss Clara is engaged to perform only child's parts; and this proof of the taste and judgment of the Managers has been justified, for on Thursday, a farce, called *Old and Young*, was produced, and afforded by far the best opportunity we have seen for the display of Miss Clara Fisher's extraordinary talents. To frighten a rich and gouty bachelor grand-uncle (Terry) from a newly taken up passion for children, which induces him to recall a banished nephew and his reported family of nine boys and a girl, while there is *de facto* but one daughter (Clara Fisher) to gratify this predilection, she assumes the appearance of three brothers—Hector, a noisy pseudo soldier, Gobbleton, an infant glutton, and Foppington, a child-exquisite. Under these forms she effectually disgusts the old gentleman, who thinks himself blessed in the end to have but one girl, instead of the numerous tribe on which he had set his heart. The whole thing is well contrived; the childish tricks and matter natural; and the dialogue very lively. The little Fisher performs surprisingly; all her assumptions are good; but her gourmand quite a Mathews in miniature. Terry gives a perfect picture of the old man—a sketch with all the force and truth of a finished portrait. Knight and Mrs. Orger, as domestics, also ally themselves to the humour of the piece; and the whole is such a laughable *jeu-d'esprit* as not only to reconcile us to Lilliputian prodigies, but to amuse us highly, as we are sure it will the public for a long while.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—On Tuesday, *Maid Marian*, of whom we have spoken as from time to time postponed till she was almost an old Maid, came forth in *Opera*; the music by Bishop, the dialogue, principally adapted from Mr. Peacock's lively tale, and a little from *Ivanhoe*, by Mr. Planché. The songs are partly old, partly original; which might also be said of the airs to which they are set, only that there is so very little of the latter quality perceptible. Mr. Bishop really sports with his fame. Great expectations were excited by bruits of the excellence of this composition, and, like *Fine Ear* in the *Fairy tale*, we laid our *lugs* in the best possible direction to catch the minutest sounds. Had it not been for the little fashionable buzz of the dress boxes, which always prevails more or less among genteel people (*less* when nothing of interest is going on, and *more* when there is anything agreeable to be listened to) we think we could have heard the grass grow, if the crowds who now happily tramp into Covent Garden, had not precluded the chance of growth in that garden horror. The general effect of the music upon us resembled that produced by "Rest thee, Babe, Rest Thee," on Harry Bertram. The strains were familiar to the sense; and though there were, no doubt, many new and delightful combinations, still the impression was "this, or something very like this, we have heard before." Potatoes are excellent; but potatoes and salt for breakfast—potatoes and butter for dinner—and even the change to mashed potatoes and milk for supper, is too much of a good thing, and the most mealy-mouthed feeder in existence would complain of the everlasting root. Thus we, who are not prone to censure, earnestly beg and entreat Mr. Bishop to allow his invention a share with his taste in composing, and rather to tune the discords of a brass candlestick-turning into harmony, than cloy us with the same endless sweets.

## VARIETIES.

A bit of Handel is well occasionally, as in this opera; but a Bishop translated so often, though generally for the better in polemics, is generally for the worse in chronicles. Verbum sat;—in his next piece we trust to have something original, to make it appear he has truly said for that time *Nolo Episcopari*. The leading exceptions to what we have stated, are to be found in a Glee (Act II.) by Pearman, Pyne, Isaacs, and Goulden,

"With hawk and hound we merrily sweep;" Song, Miss Tree, "Let us seek the yellow Shore," (though nearly allied to "Bid me discourse;") Chorus of Robin and Marian to a sextette, in the 3d Act; and a ballad, "O well do I remember," by Pearman. These are all fine productions; but we cannot praise a bravura in the 3d Act, by Miss Tree—it is thin and unmeaning. By the same Lady the first of her ballads, "A Damsel stood," has not a character or note of ballad belonging to it. Another air is almost a variation of "He loves and he rides away;" and, as we have mentioned, another piece (end of Act I.) is a transposition of Handel;—yet with all these critical objections the Opera is certainly very pleasing. Miss Tree sang charmingly; her upper and lower notes are exquisite; in her middle tones she is not so perfect. Pearman's firm voice was within its compass, and consequently effective in what he had to do. Miss Love treated us with a few beautiful deep tones in a Glee and Chorus; and the Glee Singers, together with Master Longhurst, executed the harmonized pieces with richness and skill.

Of the performance of the Opera we have not much to say. Altogether it goes off rather flatly, as there is no point or denouement of sufficient importance aimed at; and though each scene pleases separately, we feel the want of an object to interest us in the development of the whole. Mr. C. Kemble makes Friar Tuck a prominent and most amusing personage; it is the soul of the Drama, and full of merriment and drollery. The novelty of seeing this admirable Tragedian and most accomplished Gentleman which the Stage boasts for genteel Comedy, in a character so different, gave great delight. Mr. Farren seemed to us to mistake the part of the old Baron; he was in the most artificial passions we ever witnessed, and neither natural nor tasty enough. Mr. Abbott had too little to do as Robin Hood. Little John is made more of a butt than an archer; and the gormandizing Friar is ably represented by Keeley. The Ladies, whether epicene or otherwise, acquitted themselves well; and the Kings and Knights wore splendid armour. The scenery is very beautiful: a Moonlight is an exquisite first-rate picture; and the Hall in Nottingham Castle a magnificent achievement.

The Convict has changed its name to the Huguenot (one of more tragic dignity,) and is announced at Covent Garden for Wednesday. The brunt lies on Miss F. H. Kelly.

The Christmas Pantomime at both theatres are, as usual, predicated to be clever and magnificent. If Green Room report be true, happy are our children, and our children's children.

We had forgot the Overture, which was entered amid the opening and shutting of doors, cries of first and second company, &c.—accompanied which put it out of our power to pronounce whether deservedly or gratuitously.

The School of Medicine was shut by authority last week in Paris, in consequence of disorderly conduct among the students.

The Opera of *Hermanstadt*, by Mr. Diamond, with new music by Braham, Cooke, and Hochsa, is spoken of as a revival at Drury Lane.

*New Cure of Insanity*.—At Soederkoeping, in Sweden, a day-labourer, in a fit of passion, struck with an axe his lunatic step-daughter. The blow was not mortal, but the girl fell into a state of insensibility. On her coming to herself, after a considerable time had elapsed, it appeared, to the astonishment of every body, that she had recovered her understanding!

*A Letter fallen from Heaven*.—Innumerable copies of a letter, said to have fallen from Heaven, in which very strange events are predicted, are circulated in the villages of Dauphiné. A circumstantial account is given of the last coming of our Saviour in the year 1830! But the strangest thing is, that it has the signatures of two respectable persons, a Vicar General and a Civil Officer, who attest the truth of this absurd composition. It is hoped, however, that the two signatures are forgeries.

*Fun legal*.—A short time before the removal of the Irish Courts to their present splendid buildings, one of the walls of the old Court-house was in a very tottering condition. While a law argument was going on one day in full Court, this assumed so dangerous an appearance as to check the proceedings for a short time; during which a young Wag at the Bar addressed the Court, saying, "My Lord, I move for an injunction to stay the proceedings of that wall."—"There is no need, (replied Curran)—a temporary bar will be sufficient."

An Irish lawyer pleading in an appeal case before Lord Loughborough in the House of Lords, quoted an opinion of his Lordship's when he sat in Common Pleas. "It was held so and so, (he observed) by an authority which every body must respect—my Lord Loughborough," sounding, as usual in Ireland, the *gh* of *Lough* with a strong guttural. "I thank you for the compliment, Sir, (replied the Chancellor); but you should call me *Luffborough*, for you know we always sound *gh* in English like a double *ff*."—"I am obliged to your Lordship, (said the Barrister) for the correction, and shall proceed with my argument. The three *pluffs* (ploughs) in question—"Ah, (cried the Chancellor) I see there is no rule without an exception—Go on, Sir."

Sir.—The third line of Whetstone's remembrance of George Gascoigne, is thus exhibited in Chalmers' edition of the Poets, London 1810. To give the context, I quote the two first lines with it:

And is there none, will help to tel my tale,  
Who (ah) in health, a thousand plaints have shone?  
*Todes all men joy? tā no mā skil of hale?*

Vol. 2. p. 457.

On which Mr Chalmers remarks, "I suspect some inaccuracy in transcribing this line." It is pretty obvious that inaccuracy must exist, as the line is perfectly unintelligible in this reading. I suggest—

Feels all men joy? can no man skil of hale?  
I.e. has no man knowledge (or sense) of sorrow. This coincides exactly with the context; and the letters might be easily confounded.—I am, Sir, A LITTLE CARRIC.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The following are the subjects discussed in the forthcoming Number of the Edinburgh Review: Simond's Switzerland—Vaccination and Small-pox—Bracebridge Hall—Durham Case—Clerical Abuses—Mr. Canning and Reform—French Poetry—The Bishop of Peterborough and his Clergy—Wordsworth's Tour—Bishop of London's Charge—Partitions, &c. &c.

Sir William Gell has in the press, A Narrative of a Tour through the Morea, giving an account of the present state of that Peninsula and its inhabitants. In 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated by Plates and Woodcuts.

The Loves of the Angels, and Benger's Mary Queen of Scots, are expected to appear about the 20th of the present month.

Early in January is announced, in an 8vo. volume, Travels in Ireland in the year 1822, exhibiting Sketches of the Moral, Physical, and Political state of that country; with reflections on the best means of improving its condition. By Thomas Reid, Author of Two Voyages to New South Wales, &c.

Those who scourge others, must expect the whip in turn. The announcement of a poem in the Beppo style is circulated, entitled *Falearo*, or the Neapolitan Libertine; said to be directed against the singular adventures and not admired conduct of a celebrated individual at present on the continent.

*Engravings*.—There is a Work published in Paris consisting of seventeen Outline Engravings from the Last Judgment of M. Angelo; and as the Works of this great man are so little known in England, we would suggest the probable success of a similar Work in London.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

NOVEMBER.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ... 21	from 42 to 52	29.50 to 29.72
Friday ... 22	from 37 to 52	29.77 to 29.56
Saturday ... 23	from 40 to 50	29.51 to 29.59
Sunday ... 24	from 40 to 52	29.78 to 29.65
Monday ... 25	from 42 to 53	29.48 to 29.42
Tuesday ... 26	from 44 to 55	29.46 to 29.40
Wednesday 27	from 39 to 50	29.50 to 29.64

Rain fallen .875 of an inch.

Thursday ... 28	from 34 to 44	29.38 to 29.16
Friday ... 29	from 32 to 43	29.36 to 29.19
Saturday ... 30	from 29 to 45	29.29 to 29.40
Sunday Dec. 1	from 34 to 48	29.32 to 29.53
Monday ... 2	from 33 to 42	29.00 to 29.03
Tuesday ... 3	from 30 to 40	29.18 to 29.47
Wednesday . 4	from 28 to 44	29.51 to 29.34

Prevailing Wind SW. the weather cloudy and clear alternately.

Rain fallen, 1 inch and .3 of an inch.

Edmonton. JOHN ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B. C.—*o's* feeling Poem to B. Barton is, we regret to say, too long for us just now, when such a flood of new works demand room in our margins.

The *Gleaner* is always welcome. His directions shall be attended to forthwith.

Menemon is thanked for his letter from "The Ruins of Thebes." We are glad to have such famous heads to help us; but Mr. Rae Wilson's scepticism as to bones having been found in the Pyramid of Cephrenes was so completely set to rest in our own Review, that we need not call in the also conclusive testimony of Belzoni.

\* Several papers intended for the present Number are from necessity postponed till next week.

Errors.—In our last, in the notice of Mr. T. Lawrence's Portrait of the King, l. 6, for affected, read affected;—l. 13, for and keeping, read "in keeping."



## ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

**THE** Subscribers to the Print from Mr. West's Picture of "Our Saviour Healing the Sick in the Temple" who have not already received their impressions, may receive them upon Payment of the remainder of their Subscriptions at the British Institution, Pall Mall, daily, between the hours of Eleven and Three.

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## THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 74.

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He seldom wrote with his own hand; he was impatient at the tedious pen which refused to follow the rapidity of his thoughts. He dictated to those who were about him, and they were obliged to accustom themselves to write with the celerity of speech. They often found it difficult to transcribe during the night, what he had dictated to them in the day. The copies thus made, Napoleon revised in his closet, correcting them with his own hand. These manuscripts, entirely covered with his writing, (a specimen of which may be seen at the Publishers) have been carefully preserved, because nothing which comes from so celebrated a man will be indifferent in the eyes of posterity; and they constitute such a proof of authenticity as cannot be called in question.

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